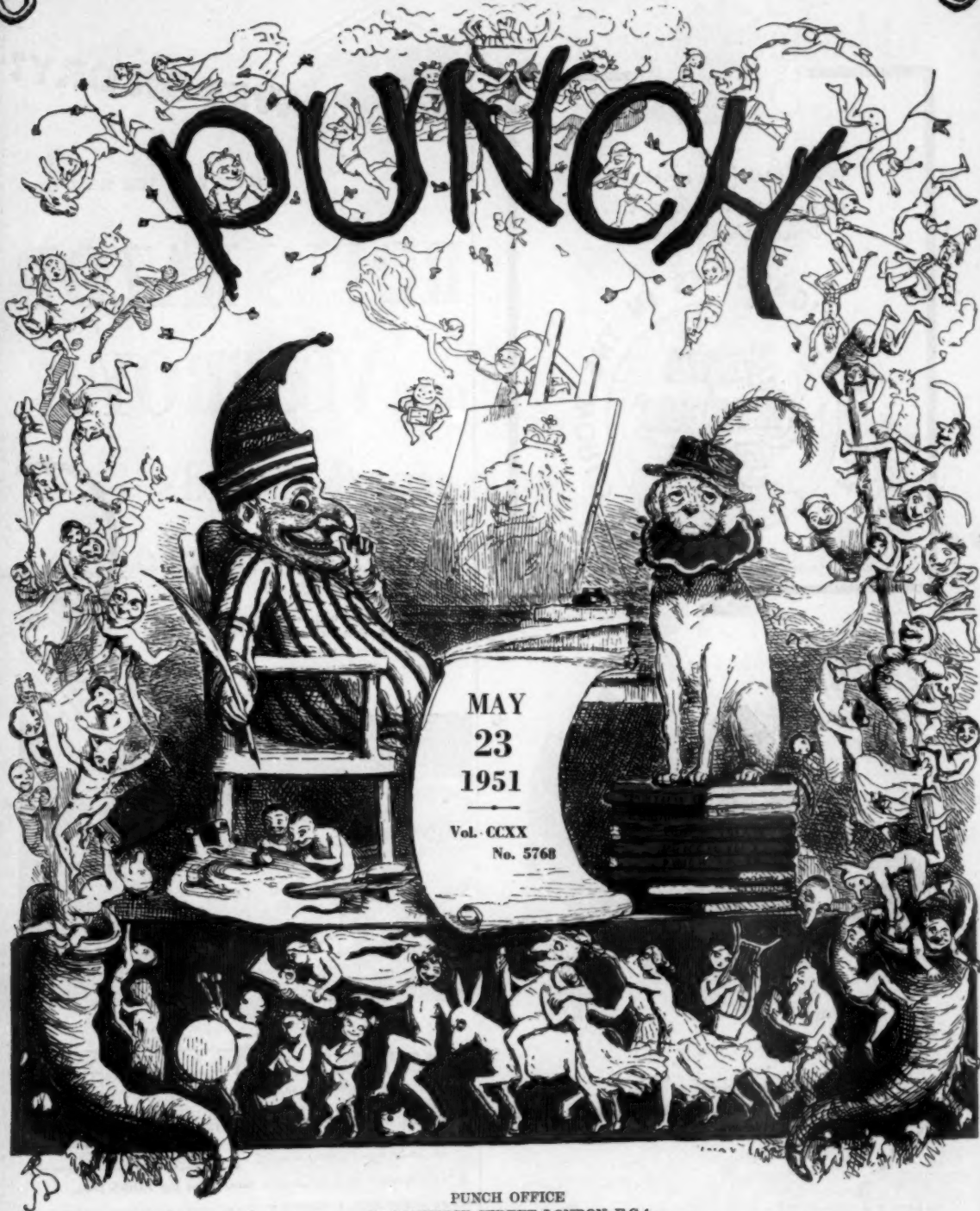


6^d

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARTER—WEDNESDAY, MAY 23 1951

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



Wherever fine cigarettes
are appreciated
Smokers choose



The House of STATE EXPRESS 210 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

**Health
Brand**



FINE SHOES FOR MEN by

Crockett & Jones

Northampton

For Ladies' Shoes by CROCKETT & JONES, LTD., Northampton, ask for **Groom** brand



WET OR DRY?

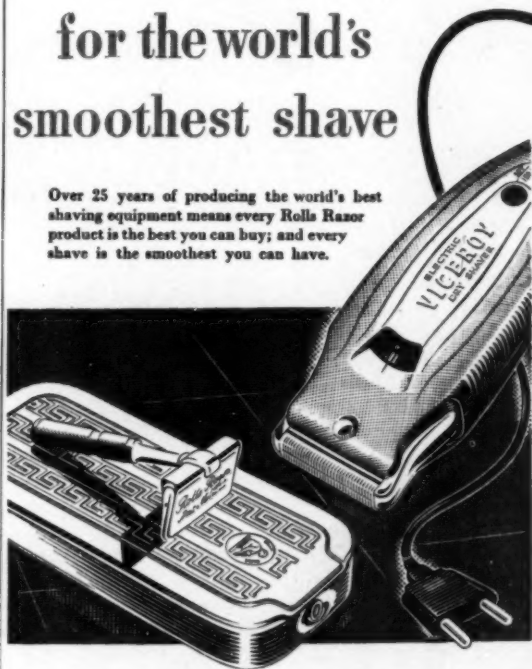
—either way you need a

ROLLS RAZOR

or a **VICEROY** DRY SHAVER

for the world's
smoothest shave

Over 25 years of producing the world's best
shaving equipment means every Rolls Razor
product is the best you can buy; and every
shave is the smoothest you can have.



The ROLLS RAZOR. The hollow-ground blade is honed and stropped in its case, and lasts for years. 43/6d.

The VICEROY Electric Dry Shaver. Universal model, AC/DC 90-250 v., 119/6. AC Model, 200/250v., 95/-.

(Prices inc. P. Tax and apply in U.S. only)

NO ELECTRICITY?

—then ask for the Viceroy
Non-Electric Dry Shaver.
(Press the lever and shave!)

90/- inc. P. Tax (U.K. only)

Stocked by local dealers throughout the British Isles.

ROLLS RAZOR LTD., Head Office, Works and Service: Crickwood, London, N.W.2
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Frequent Services *PLUS* British Airmanship



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THE BEST MEN'S
SHOPS SELL



Made in Great Britain exclusively by
LYLE & SEDDIE LTD. OF HAWICK, SCOTLAND, and IDEAL HOUSE, ARGYLL STREET, LONDON, W.1

quiet, perfect grooming



'Three Musketeers': A well matched trio for masculine freshness, After Shave Lotion with Scalp Stimulant and Hairdressing; Scalp Stimulant and 'Tanbark' Cologne; or Brilliantine and After Shave Powder. Price 25/-

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After Shaving Lotion	
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'Man About Town' Set	
Travel Size After Shave Lotion and Brilliantine	10/-

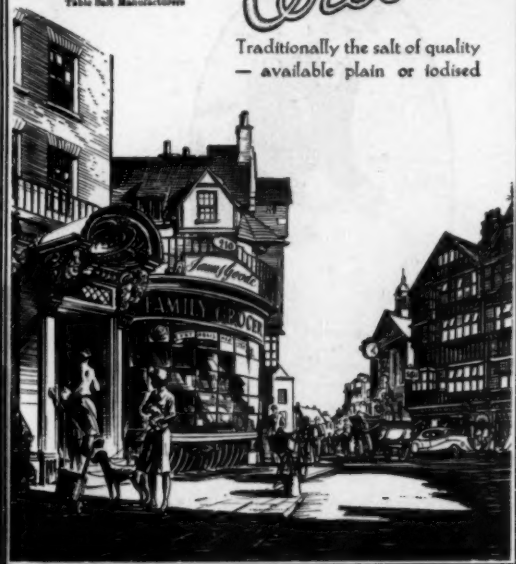
For men by **Lenthéric**

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JAFFAJUCE ORANGE CONTAINS OVER 80% NATURAL ORANGE JUICE
(more than 2 times the Ministry of Food standard) — plus, of course, pure sugar.
Gold Cup Jaffajuce is available in Orange • Orange • Pineapple
Breakfast Orange • Grapefruit • Lemon • Lime 3/9 per bottle

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It's FOUR SEASONS for me

FOUR SEASONS DELICIOUS FRUIT, STIMULANT FRUIT SQUARES
Available in Orange • Lemon • Grapefruit • Pineapple • Lemon Barley
A real family favourite at a popular price 2/6 per bottle



H. S. WHITESIDE & COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON, S.E.5



O.K.

*The Sauce that
does you Good*



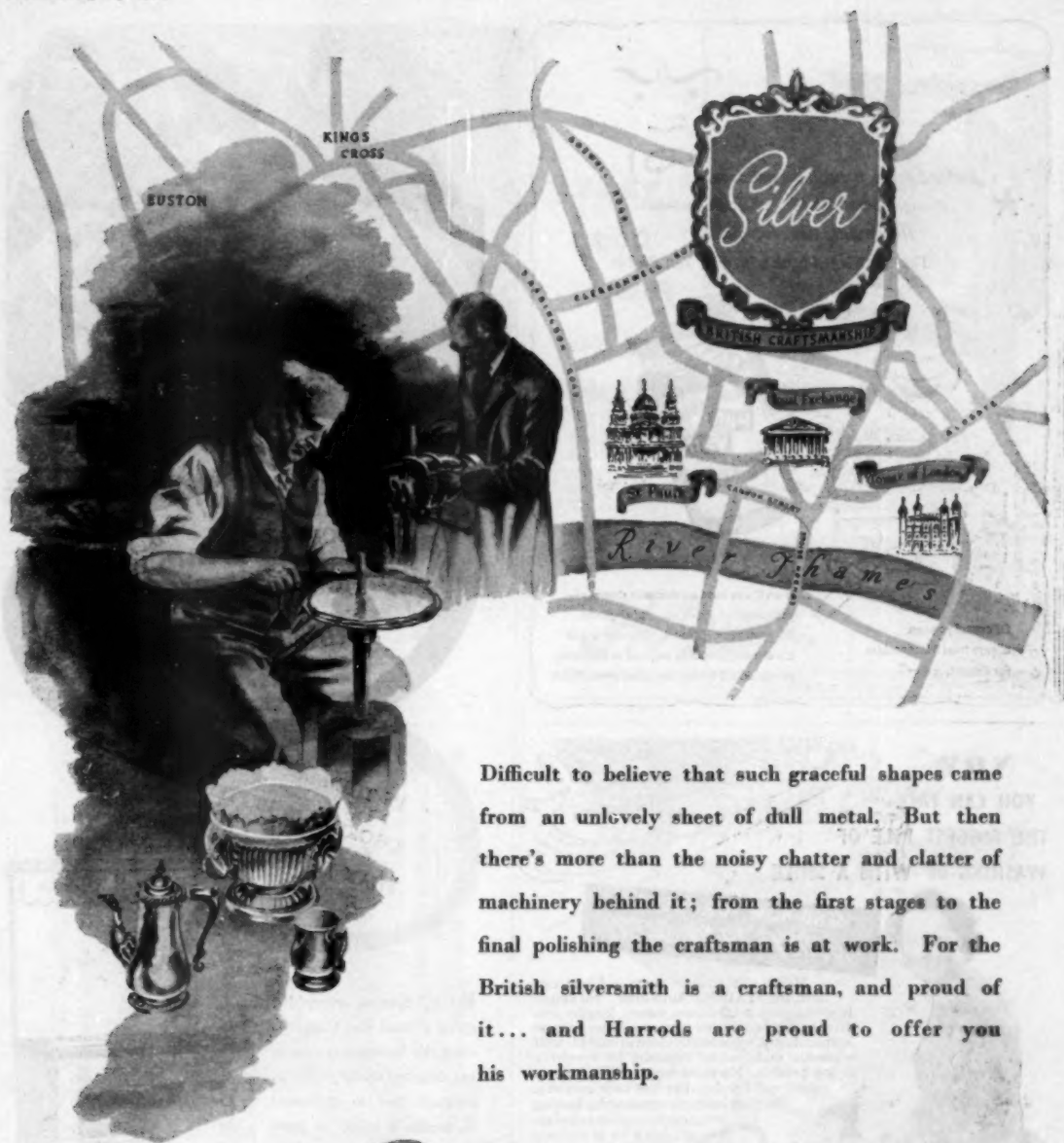
You'll enjoy the rich, fruity flavour
of 'O.K.' Sauce. It's 44% Fruit and
children love it, too. See how it adds
appetite to every meal.

Try also

'O.K.' HORSE RADISH CREAM

'O.K.' FRUIT CHUTNEY





Difficult to believe that such graceful shapes came from an unlevelly sheet of dull metal. But then there's more than the noisy chatter and clatter of machinery behind it; from the first stages to the final polishing the craftsman is at work. For the British silversmith is a craftsman, and proud of it... and Harrods are proud to offer you his workmanship.

Britain's Best
at HARRODS

Richard Jones, a mealtime nuisance,

★ Enraged his wife with pick-and-choosance.

His appetite was sadly fickle,

Till love winged back with Pan Yan Pickle.



Of course you can
always trust Maconochies
for flavour.

★ Even if you have no domestic drama of
your own, try Pan Yan. It brings out
the poetry of cold meat. In other words
it's wonderful stuff to eat, and in fact more
people do eat it than any other sweet Pickle.

NOW
YOU CAN FACE
THE BIGGEST PILE OF
WASHING-UP WITH A SMILE

SEND NOW FOR FOLDER
GOODBYE TO DRUDGERY

Here's the greatest boon a home can
have, the STAINES 'Auto-Sink'. No longer
is washing-up a laborious, messy, lengthy job.
Greasy, food-encrusted pans and dishes become
immaculately, hygienically clean in seconds with
vigorous under-water brushing by revolving
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stantly wet hands. Far less soap in water.

Brushes instantly removable, leaving
sink free for washing clothes,
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with the "Auto-Sink".

Write NOW for full
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Tomatoes on surprise
— from Main Cookery
Book, obtainable from
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Have
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COOKING IS BETTER
THAN IT'S EVER BEEN

Better, because everything
about a Main Gas Cooker is
what the houseproud woman
has dreamed of for years—its
heavenly ease in operation,
its details, its looks. A Main
sets the standard of modernity
in any kitchen...
Ask to see the latest
models at your gas
showrooms.

MAIN

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Britain's SPINNERS and WEAVERS

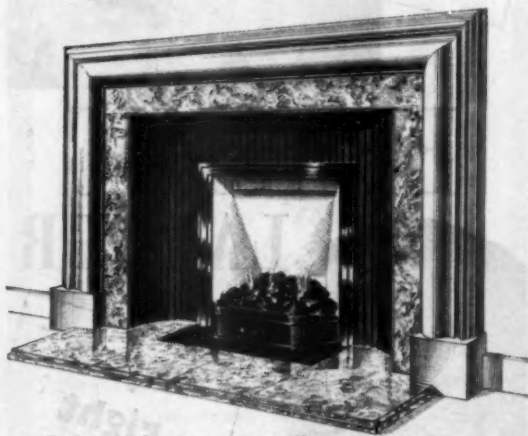
The world turns to Britain for fine spun tweeds, confident of finding superb quality. For the same reason men and women turn to...



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Gold Flake
CIGARETTES

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Craftsmen of many trades contribute to that prized possession, a Bratt Colbran fireplace: the cabinet makers, the marble masons, the expert workers in metal. These men are artists who have real feeling for the fine materials they use. Many examples of their work can be seen at the address below.

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THE 'HEAPED' FIRE • PORTCULLIS GAS FIRES • SOLETRIA ELECTRIC FIRES
10 MORTIMER STREET, LONDON, W.1

Scottish Showrooms: A. Caldwell Young & Son, 200 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, C.2

Your
need
is met
by a

Hotpoint refrigerator



Small enough for any but the tiny kitchen but large enough for the big family. This 4.5 cu. ft.—8.8 sq. ft. of shelf space—refrigerator has a plate glass table top and is finished in cream to match other kitchen equipment. The hermetically sealed refrigerating system is covered by a 5 year protection plan under the Hotpoint guarantee. It's better to wait for a Hotpoint even though the demand is great. Ask your local electrical supplier about it or write for literature.

Hotpoint

domestic
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THE HOTPOINT ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO. LTD., CROWN HOUSE, ALDWYCH, LONDON, W.C.2
Member of A.E.I. Group of Companies.

*Every woman's choice
in pressure cookers*



The 'Ekcomatic' Pressure Cooker gives you room for cooking real family-sized meals or for bottling; its 3-way pressure control ensures every kind of food is cooked at just the right pressure! You'll be thrilled too by its speed and economy in fuel and labour. Pressure cooker, fruit and vegetable bottler, sterilizer all in one—no good kitchen is complete without an 'Ekcomatic'. See it today at your local store or ironmonger.

It's easy—it's quick—it's

Ekcomatic
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TWO MODELS—

give perfect results on any kind of stock. Ekcomatic 'Hi-Dome' (illustrated above) with unique deep cover and the Ekcomatic '63'.

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Everything in 'Celanese' Underwear—material, style and make-up, contribute to its masculine comfort and satisfaction. Stocked exclusively in Ivory and Blue. Also Sports Shirts and Ties.



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ST. GATIEN
Nerumarket,
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COPE'S STABLE INFORMATION

No. 4 of a series describing famous racing establishments



THIS ESTABLISHMENT—built in 1804—has the rare distinction of being named after a horse. Bob Sherwood gave it its name after ST. GATIEN, which he had trained for Mr. J. Hammond, had defeated with HARVESTER for the 1804 Derby.

The establishment was used also as a Stud and Duncan Gray and Bold Archer stood there. It was taken over in 1949 by F. L. Armstrong who won forty-one races to the value of £26,053. My Babu, Tsakko and Empress of France, when trained by him as a 2-year-old, were the chief prizewinners. The property now includes the Paddock Stables where Capt. Percy Whitaker trained so many winners. Double Chance, Grand National winner in 1926, was trained at the Paddock Stables.

St. Gatién had been established eleven years when the House of Cope was founded. Both have become an essential part of great Turf tradition. Cope's Confidential Credit Service is renowned for integrity, dependability and fair dealing among sporting people all over the world. Why not send for your free copy of our fascinating new illustrated brochure?

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The World's Best Known Turf Accountants



MY BABU, winner of the 2,000 Guineas in 1943



EMPERESS OF FRANCE, winner of 4 consecutive races as a two-year-old

You can depend on
COPE'S

Leslie Henson says..



not
too little



not
too much

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is just
right

for quick
close
shaving!

COMPLETE IN
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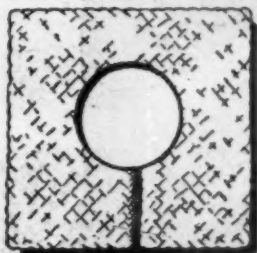
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IT is unblemished by slugs or grit. You can always pick fruit like this if only you will use **STRAWBMATS** instead of loose, untidy straw. You will also get them earlier. Why not **CHEAT THE SLUGS** and trap the sun's heat? Obtain from your local dealer.



30/- for 36 12 in. mats.
45/- for 36 18 in. mats.
60/- for 36 21 in. mats.
81/- for 36 24 in. mats.

or, if time does not press, send S.A.E. for our beautiful folder* to

**STRAWBERRY
PROTECTION CO.,**

98, LANIVET, BODMIN, CORNWALL.

* After seeing this you will realise the advantages of Strawbmats in a flash—they should last you for 5 years!

Player's "No Name" Tobacco.

Blended originally for an exclusive circle of pipe smokers, this special blend now enjoys an increasing demand created by the recommendations of its devotees.

MERCURY



MERCURY, also known by its old English name quicksilver, is the only pure metal that is liquid at ordinary temperatures. One of the heaviest of the elements, it is obtained from cinnabar, a compound of mercury and sulphur, which is mined in Italy, Spain and the Americas. The best known use of mercury is in thermometers and barometers, but its ability to dissolve certain other metals makes it of importance in the chemical industry, and in gold-mining where it is used in one method of extracting gold. Compounds of mercury have many uses. Both mercurous and mercuric chloride play an important part in medicine—Paracelsus, the Swiss physician was using mercury compounds early in the sixteenth century. In agriculture they are used in the manufacture of seed dressings. Oxides of the metal are used in special marine paints, and the bright scarlet pigment, vermilion, is made from mercuric sulphide. Fulminate of mercury, a powerful explosive, is used in the manufacture of detonators. I.C.I. uses mercury in one method of producing caustic soda and chlorine. It also uses compounds of mercury to make plastics, dyestuffs and other chemicals, including phthalic anhydride, one of the intermediates used in the manufacture of the brilliant 'Monastrol' blue pigment.





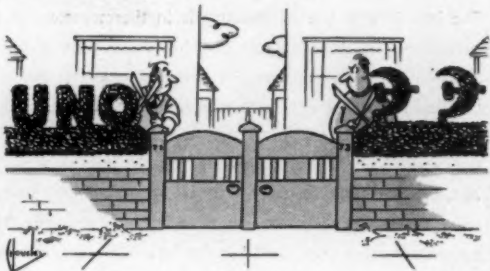
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Slip into a Dexter weatherproof and you won't care if it snows. In a Dexter you are well-dressed, whatever the weather. Dexters are obtainable from leading Outfitters Everywhere.

"As British as the weather—but reliable".

WALLACE, SCOTT & COMPANY LIMITED, CATHCART, GLASGOW

With acknowledgements to "Everybody's."



-but they would agree that
an electric *Tarpen-Trimmer*
does a better job
ten times quicker!

Write for illustrated folder "A."
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For extra pleasure and satisfaction—

CHURCHMAN'S No.1

the 15-minute
cigarette



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you get LATHER and
LOTION in ONE

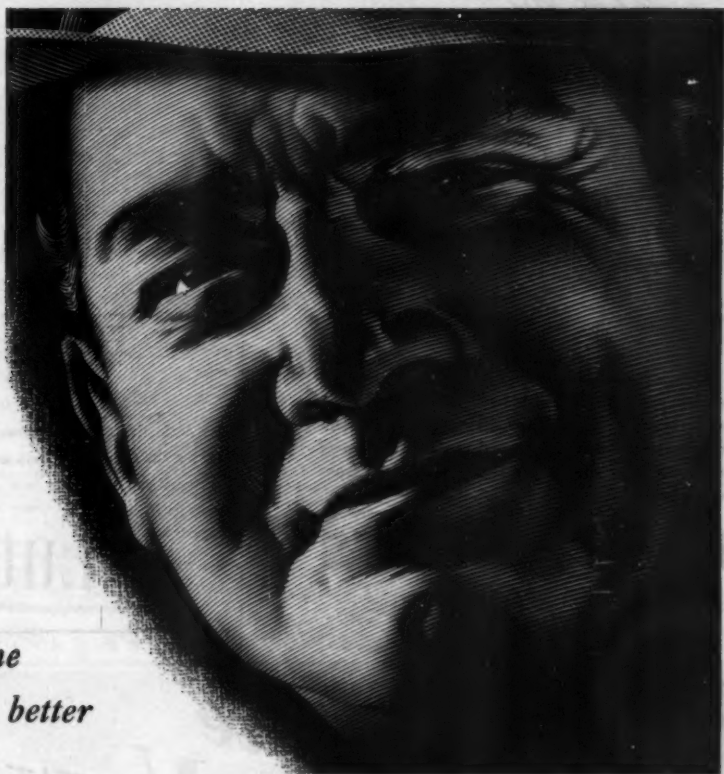


- ★ The lather goes farther
because it's concentrated
- ★ It's cooler and smoother
because it's mentholated

INGRAM combines its own face lotion

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS, LONDON AND NEW YORK

50/47



*'But surely some
antiseptics are better
than others?'*

'Of course there are differences: it could hardly be otherwise. Certainly it is not mere chance that Dettol is used and recommended by almost every doctor in the country.'

'DETTOL'

The Safe Way to Safety whenever and wherever
infection threatens in your own home.

*a Man in
Your position*



Whatever your position in life, you wish to look and feel your best at all times. This is not mere vanity, because if you can achieve this, your well-being and good appearance will put you on top of your form. Free booklet on the Linia Method from Department B.19

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Good Taste

"Good taste" is acquired rather than inherited.

The distinctive *tang* of Euthymol may not always be appreciated at first use, but the feeling of a fresh and healthy mouth which follows quickly convinces you that here is a toothpaste of very good taste; one that cleans teeth properly!

Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE



A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT



The New 'King' OF CAMERAS!

As soon as you see Kershaw's latest camera—the KING PENGUIN—you'll recognise a winner! It's the camera every keen amateur has been waiting for—a first-class precision job, built by Kershaw craftsmen and giving 8 exposures $2\frac{1}{4}'' \times 3\frac{1}{4}''$.

£5 . 8 . 2
(including Purchase Tax)

LOOK AT THESE FIVE NEW STAR FEATURES!

- ★ Fully self-erecting. ★ Synchronised for flash.
- ★ Direct Vision Viewfinder. ★ Tripod Bush.
- ★ Leather covered finish.

Price does not apply to Republic of Ireland.

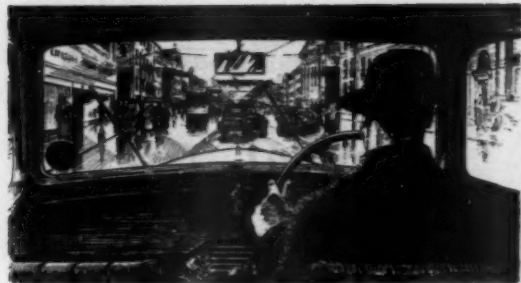
See it at your Dealers—you'll agree it's the finest camera at the price!

KERSHAW

the New 'King' PENGUIN

KERSHAW-SOHO (Sales) LTD., Dept. P5, 57/41 Mortimer House, Mortimer St., London, W.1
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A Company within the J. Arthur Rank Organisation.



"Even on greasy roads my car doesn't skid—since I fitted John Bull tyres."

"I've come to rely absolutely on the unshakable grip these tyres have on the road—wet or dry! And the mileage they give! Believe me, when this set of tyres needs replacing, it will be John Bull again for me!"

*** WHY THIS EXTRA VALUE?**

The extra value in John Bull results from planned distribution—straight from Factory to Garage. By eliminating intermediate handling charges, it is possible to build John Bull tyres to a more generous specification for the same price.



JOHN BULL

THICKER • WIDER • SAFER

MPA/33

**"An elegant sufficiency,
Content"**

JAMES THOMSON

Sufficient unto itself is the contentment you will find in smoking an EMBASSY CIGAR. So we will say nothing about the care we take, and have taken for 70 years, in selecting the best leaf. We will not even mention the mild and subtle Havana flavour. Smoke your EMBASSY CIGAR and enjoy it in peace.

**"Embassy"
CIGARS**



W.D. & H.O. Wills.

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland) Ltd.

ECJ



Riley
*for Magnificent
Motoring*

100 h.p. 2½ litre Saloon. 1½ litre Saloon.

The car you want to stay in . . .

It's so pleasant to be in the driving seat of a Riley where you are master of exciting engine power, a steering system that is a sheer joy to handle and brakes that are always ready to turn surprise into complete safety.

It's so pleasant to handle this individually built car of distinctive character that you are always rather sorry to get out of it.

RILEY MOTORS LIMITED, Sales Division, COWLEY, OXFORD. London Showrooms: "RILEY CARS," 55-56 Pall Mall, S.W.1
Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1



Gun and rod

There's a department of fishing tackle and guns at the Stores; the salesmen are not merely experts—they're enthusiasts. So if you want to talk Thunder and Lightnings and Black Doctors—or for that matter, side-locks and shot patterns—you will be very welcome; and, we think, well looked after

HOOK, LINE & SINKER

Very soon the trout will be rising to the fly you drop on his nose; we can help with really first-rate reels, rods and lines—or distract you with unlimited flies, lures, plugs and artificial baits, our famous gut casts (nylon if you prefer it) and the latest and finest reels—in fact, all the baits with which fish and fishermen get caught!* And in this breathing space between the coarse fishing seasons, we'll attend to your rods and gear while you attend to your sea fishing

LOCK, STOCK & BARREL

Although the Glorious 12th is some months away, it's a wise plan to call in soon and inspect the guns we have here. Outstanding at the moment are two excellent sidelock ejectors (12 and 16 bore). And there are other interesting weapons—among them one of the superb Mannlicher-Schoenauer .256 rifles and a 9mm. Mauser with telescopic sights. Besides, you might see a shooting stick or extractor or decoy duck that 'fulfils a long-felt want', as the advertisements say

*May we send you our new Fishing List?

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Stores**

EVERYTHING FOR EVERYONE

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5 minutes from Victoria Station

YOU GET MORE FOR YOUR FARE ON PAN AMERICAN

for instance, fly
to New York on the world's most luxurious air-service!

"The President"



Your magnificent
7-course dinner includes
champagne, wines, liqueurs!

• *The President* (London-New York) offers you five special attendants, service that rivals the finest hotels, 7-course dinner, orchids and perfume (*Arpège by Lanvin*) for the ladies—all for only £3.11.0 extra!

Additional features include: bed-length Sleeperette* seats; spacious lower-deck lounge; free drinks; foam-soft berths at only £8.19.0 extra!

Reduced fares in effect until July 1.

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WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

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THE

CHILDREN'S SOCIETY

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THE ASSOCIATION
OF
WAIFS &
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SOCIETY

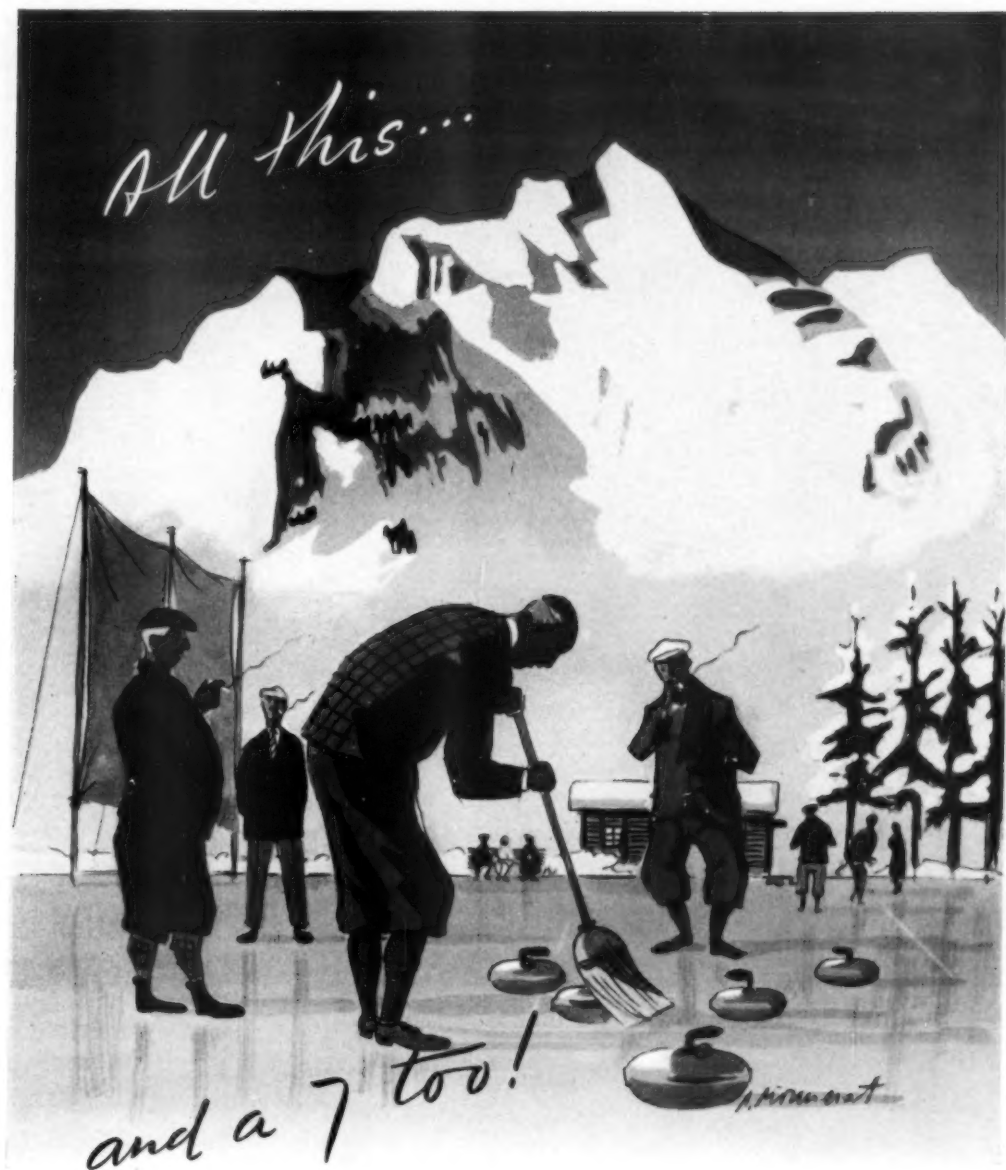
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5,000 IN OUR CARE

GIFTS and LEGACIES
GRATEFULLY RECEIVED

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CHURCH OF ENGLAND
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SOCIETY

CHILDREN'S SOCIETY, OLD TOWN HALL, KENNINGTON S.E.11



The eternal stillness of the mountains . . . and the clear ringing rumble of the stones. The deep blue of the snow in shadow . . . and the dull grey-green thickness of the ice. The sharp tension of the moment . . . and the quietly happy relaxation to come. And for perfection one thing more —

NUMBER SEVEN



Abdulla 'Virginia' No. 7, 20 for 3/10 ALSO Abdulla Turkish and Egyptian

ABDULLA AND CO LTD • 173 NEW BOND STREET • LONDON • W1



EXQUISITE

Morpheus lucida, a giant South American butterfly in orange and brown, richly patterned on the underside. Here seen on *Barbetta darwinii* blossom.

IMPERIAL  LEATHER

*The Toilet Luxuries of
Exquisite Character*



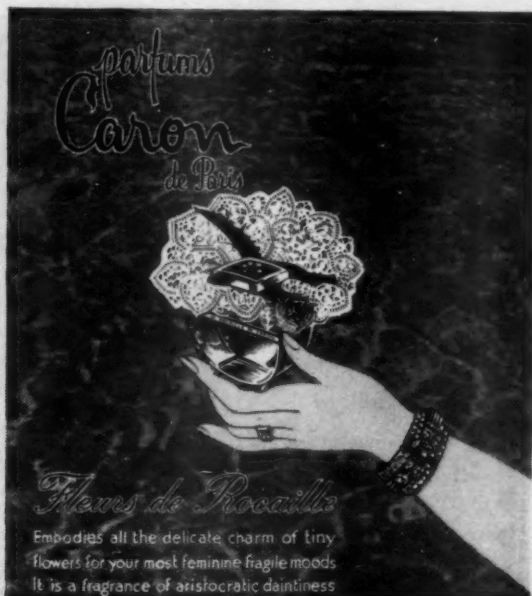
Fashion fabrics - the largest selection by-the-yard

Newest shantung
Unexpected cottons
Rare printed silks

We regret we are unable to send patterns

Jacqmar

16 GROSVENOR STREET LONDON W1



parfums
Caron
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Flaves de Paracette

Embodies all the delicate charm of tiny flowers for your most feminine fragile moods. It is a fragrance of aristocratic daintiness.

DELLODIA • NUIT DE NOËL • TABAC BLOND • MARCISSE NOIR
LES POIS DE SENTEUR • FRENCH CANCAN • EN AVION • ACACIOSA
AT HARRODS • FORTNUM & MASON • GALERIES LAFAYETTE
AND OTHER HIGH CLASS STORES AND BEAUTY SALONS



The
perfect
Slip

makes the
perfect silhouette

Nylon Tricot makes this new Kayser Bondor slip the most wonderful addition to your lingerie drawer.

It is designed for this season's sheathlike silhouette and will give a smooth and elegant line to your fitting dress. Both slip and matching pantee are trimmed with lace.

To make this lingerie even more exciting, there is no laundry problem, for nylon tricot washes easily, dries quickly and needs no ironing.

Slip sizes 32" to 44". Price 47/6

Pantee sizes 25", 27", 29", 31" and 33". Price 21/-

KAYSER BONDOR

TAILORED WITH YOU IN MIND

★ You must not miss seeing our new crepe nightdresses, styled in exclusive prints.



after only a
few weeks
using your
tooth paste.

my teeth are beautifully white.
In fact I shall always insist
on Macleans. Miss D. W.
(Forest Hill)

Did you **MACLEAN** your teeth today?



MACLEANS
Peroxide Tooth Paste
makes teeth
WHITER

COMPLETE WORLD-WIDE BANKING SERVICE

With the immense strength of its combined resources and experience, the Three Banks Group is exceptionally well-equipped to fulfil the many varied functions of a modern Banking Service. Although the Group serves the interests of many large and important concerns, it is careful to preserve the personal touch that has been a tradition of each of its members during two centuries.

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Founded 1727 Edinburgh, London and Branches
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GREYS

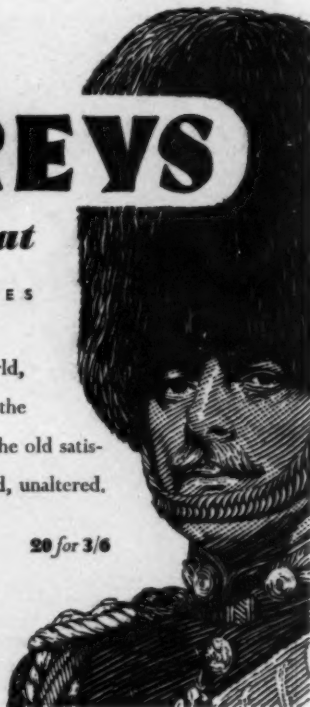
are great

CIGARETTES

In a changing world,
'Greys' still give the
Virginia smoker the old satis-
faction—undiluted, unaltered.

20 for 3/6

Issued by Godfrey Phillips
Limited





CHARIVARIA

A ROYAL Academician's remark that most sculpture is far better shown out of doors provoked a rejected sculptor to retort that the Academy have been doing just that to his for years.



A newspaper reader records having persistently dreamed recently that he was a millionaire. Obviously he will have to try counting some other animal jumping over the hedge.

Music and the Casual Listener

"... here it must be obvious to the most casual listener that the creative factor is a shifting colour-complex of which the note-pitches are merely a materialization."

"Sunday Times"

A naturalist discussing early morning birdsong says that the notes of the cuckoo are heard first, before those of the black-bird and robin. This is not surprising. The cuckoo has no housework to do.

"OVER £100 MISSING
Eberly High Bickington, the home of Mr. A. R. Nicholls, was unlawfully entered at the week-end, and over £100 is missing from a cash-box. The matter has been reported to the police."

"GIFT OF 100 GUINEAS
An anonymous gift of one hundred guineas has been handed to the principal of Belmont College, Bickington, for the College Chapel Fund."

Adjacent items in "North
Decon Journal-Herald"
Well, well.



Observers express scepticism about the number of jet aircraft claimed by Russia. They feel she is simply trying to put over even more fast ones than usual.

"During the Festival season," we read, "it is important that the attractions arranged by various localities should not clash with one another." Municipal authorities in particular will be expected to see that their road excavations are suitably staggered.

A politician urges taxpayers to cultivate the feeling that they have a stake in the country. But what the taxpayers object to, of course, is the feeling of being tethered to it.

"It is edited by N. Scariyn Wilson, M.A. (Cantab.), Lecturer for the University of Cambridge Board of Extra-Marital Studies, who has provided a full introduction on the life and times of Corneille."

New Zealand paper
Yes, but does it slip easily under a cushion?



A pilot assures us that it will soon be quite feasible for West-flying aircraft to leave for their destination one afternoon and arrive the day before. And then, presumably, if conditions aren't favourable, they needn't go.

"They were extremely fond of each other and wanted to get married ever since they became engaged."

"Sunday Pictorial"
Old-fashioned types, eh?

RENAISSANCE

ONCE more we frolic as in Shakespeare's day.
No longer worthy and no longer grim,
But effervescent, unexpected, gay
We chase each fleeting, iridescent whim
With flags and fireworks and inventive play,
Emerging from a sunless tunnel dim.
Instead of taking all our pleasures sadly,
We gulp the sparkling wine of pleasure madly.

To live on punctuality and order,
On balanced ledgers and well-planned careers,
Is too expensive now. We can't afford a
Coral-like accretion through the years.
Gone are the days when righteously we bored a
Defenceless Europe past the verge of tears.
Now we must fire our artists up like rockets
To make the foreigner undo his pockets.

In genial London's pageant-haunted centre
The air is fizzing with the sparks of song.
Black industry's slag-heaped impedimenta
Warp in the sunlight, looking dull and wrong.
We celebrate the artist and inventor,
Who have been overlooked for far too long.
'Tis not by making sums come right in banks
That Englishmen can best earn England's thanks.

The City father called his son a loafer,
Grumbled because he would not settle down,
Hated to see him sprawl along a sofa,
His chin unshaven and his fingers brown.
He preened himself on savings, while the oaf a
Pencil twiddled, dreaming, setting down
A jumbled scribble that one day would blaze
Into an English claim on Europe's praise.

Once more we can be proud that we are winning
The kind of fame that lasts two thousand years,
For all the best historians keep dinning
Into the country's slowly opened ears
That fighting, buying, selling are mere sinning:
It is the Arts that gain the longest cheers.
It wasn't the plain, sober kind of chap
Who put the Greeks so firmly on the map.

R. G. G. PRICE

I AM DIRECTED

"A H, Miss Clatter, got your notebook? Good, I want to do that memorandum I spoke to you about this morning. Distribution, all departments, first P S and file. Ah—I am directed, with reference to Circular Memorandum—number and date—to—ah . . ."

"Express the views?"

"Express the views of the—ah—D P U S on the—ah . . ."

"Response?"

"Response to the above quoted C M. He has asked me to say that he—ah . . ."

"Regrets?"

"That this has not—ah . . ."

"Been encouraging?"

"Been encouraging, and that—um . . ."

"Far too many examples?"

"Yes, of—ah . . ."

"Indifference to?"

"Indifference to, or—um . . ."

"Ignorance of?"

"Quite—its contents, are coming to his—ah—notice. I am to say that this is—ah . . ."

"A matter of some concern?"

"Just so—to him, for—ah . . ."

"It is pointed out?"

"Pointed out, in the first instance the C M was—ah . . ."

"Directed to?"

"Heads of Departments, and it was—ah—by them that he—ah . . ."

"Had hoped?"

"Yes, hoped a—um . . ."

"Standard?"

"Would be set to which—ah—all grades could have—ah . . ."

"Aspired?"

"Aspired. This has not been so, and, I am to say, he—um . . ."

"Feels?"

"Feels—that in—ah . . ."

"Disregarding the principles?"

"Good—laid down in the C M, or in—ah—failing to fully—um . . ."

"To avail themselves fully?"

"Yes, yes—of the guidance it offers, all grades are doing themselves a—er . . ."

"And their departments?"

"And their departments a—um . . ."

"Disservice?"

"Thank you, disservice. I am to say—ah . . ."

"In conclusion?"

"That the D P U S would—ah—remind all grades that until a more—um . . ."

"Comprehensive?"

"Version of the C M is—becomes—ah . . ."

"Available for issue?"

"Excellent—on a personal basis, he cannot see—"

"Sees no reason?"

"He—ah—sees no reason why he should not—um . . ."

"Expect?"

"To see a definite—ah . . ."

"Improvement?"

"Improvement in the writing of—ah—circulars and memoranda—um . . ."

"Based?"

"Based on the—ah . . ."

"Many and varied examples?"

"Set out in the C M, etcetera, etcetera. Thank you, Miss Clatter; when you have got that out I will go over it and sign it."



"ANY PREVIOUS MILITARY EXPERIENCE?"



"Are these seats taken?"

THE OCKLESHAM MATCH

OCKLESHAM (said the major, when he had had the tankards refilled) is one of the strongest clubs in Sussex. They take on most of the London touring sides, and their annual two-day match with the Martlets is quite a social event. Our fixture with them last season was the first they'd given us; and the experts in this bar-parlour during the week before the match were not hopeful of our chances. They reckoned that, while our First Eleven might with luck give theirs a game, our Second, carrying the handicap of Albert Twelvetees as captain, would be annihilated. And with annihilation, in the shape of eighteen off Albert's first over, the game began.

That was bad enough, but it was, after all, expected. The unpleasant

surprise came when the Ocklesham opening pair treated Joe Bell, our speed bowler, in much the same way. Albert soon rang the changes—at Joe's end; but nobody could keep the runs down. One hundred and twelve were on the board—and against Bedworth Second Eleven that, in itself, was a winning score—before the first wicket fell. One of the batsmen mishit a full toss from Albert, and the ball, instead of going for six, was well caught by one of the five fieldsmen on the fence.

I was at mid-on and, as the batsman walked in, Albert turned to me with a smile of satisfaction on his face.

"Did you notice?" he asked. "He didn't like that slower ball o' mine—the one that sort of hangs in the air."

"No accounting for tastes," I grunted. "Who's the chap that made the catch? I don't remember seeing him before."

"Name o' Gavin," answered Albert. "Just back from India. Staying with the vicar. Wanted a game, so we roped him in when Dave Martin cried off."

Fifteen minutes later Albert bowled another one that sort of hung in the air. It was driven like a half-topped brassie shot straight at mid-off who, having no time to dodge, held a sensational catch. 154-2-75. "I had his measure," Albert told us. "It was only a matter of time."

At ten to four, when the score was 176, another man was caught on the boundary ("The flight beat him—it dipped"), and, at ten past,

Albert got his fourth wicket from a ball that bounced twice and was brilliantly gathered by Gavin at deep mid-wicket. "Funny," said Albert, "how one bad ball will sometimes do more than any number of good 'uns." At half-past four, Ocklesham declared at 248 for 4, and we took tea. Albert, who as usual had bowled unchanged, had an analysis of 4 for 156.

Ocklesham in the field were as good as Ocklesham at the wicket. There's a legend that C. J. Kortright once bowled a ball which, after one bounce on the pitch, went clean out of the ground, and counted, presumably, six byes. One had the feeling that the Ocklesham opening bowlers had heard this story and were testing its probability. Albert was the second man out when the score was still short of double figures.

"Can't do it all," he said, as he unstrapped his pads. "I took the wickets: it's up to some o' you others to make the runs."

His place was taken by Gavin, the unknown quantity. As he took guard, and glanced in a leisurely fashion round the field, we all silently hoped that he could bat as well as he could catch. We weren't left long in doubt. He hit the first ball he received so hard that it rebounded from the sight-screen and was picked up by mid-on before any other fieldsmen had moved. The bowler dropped the next ball shorter, and saw it driven off the back foot for another four. The fieldsmen in the gully stopped the third with his knee-cap. There was an interval while he was carried off, and when the game was resumed Gavin proceeded to show that he had even less respect for the Ocklesham bowlers than the Ocklesham batsmen had had for Albert Twelve-trees. He reached his fifty in twenty minutes, and his hundred in less than three-quarters of an hour.

But unluckily Gavin could bat at only one end; at the other, his partners came and went like last night's drunks in a London police-court; until the game turned on whether anyone could stay with him long enough to let him knock off the runs. Eventually, our No. 11—Bob Maxwell, the landlord of this pub—

went in with four runs wanted to win. You remember what George Hirst said to Wilfred Rhodes on a similar occasion? Well, Bob was having none of that. A six into his own bar-parlour was what he tried for. What he got was a snick through the slips; but it counted four, and we'd won by one wicket. Gavin's share was 187 not out . . .

Well, Ocklesham took it in very good part, and when we'd changed we all came over here for a snifter. Albert bought four or five pints, the recipients of which then listened politely while he described in detail how he bowled his wrong 'un, and how his method differed from that of Douglas Wright.

At length the Ocklesham skipper put down an empty tankard. "Very interesting," he said, "and I'll tell you this. It'll be a rare long time before we forget your bowling—and that young feller's batting."

Albert nodded agreement. "They'll be wanting both of us in the First next week, I'll wager. But," he added, looking round at us, "don't worry, chaps. They won't get me."

This remark was followed by a silence which was broken by an Ocklesham voice saying: "Did you say they'll want you in the First?"

"That's right."

"What team are you then, for the love of Pete?"

Albert looked puzzled. "The Second Eleven, o' course."

Our opponents exchanged glances. One of them spluttered into his beer. Their skipper sank slowly on to a chair, and buried his head in his hands. "Beaten by Bedworth Second," he muttered, "Bedworth Second. Lord help us, we shall be the laughing-stock of the county. We shall never live it down, never. We," he explained hollowly to Albert, "are Ocklesham First Eleven."

Albert's mouth fell open. He looked from one to another, and in a hoarse whisper invited them to crown him the Queen of the May. Then a thought struck him, and he dived behind the bar and into the room where Bob Maxwell keeps the telephone. Presently he came back.

"Ocklesham Second Eleven," he announced, and everyone forgave him the note of triumph in his voice—"Ocklesham Second Eleven beat our First by ninety-four runs."

"That," concluded the major, "was the Ocklesham match; and it'll be remembered in this village as long as there are two cottages standing."

2 2

AMBERLEY WILDBROOKS

BELOW the castle's crumbling shade,
Precisely parting field from field,
A broad, black knife, the Arun's blade,
Cuts through the bumpy Sussex weald.

Here, like a cloak that will not meet,
The curving pastures stretch in vain,
For when a fastening seems complete
The knife blade rips it up again.

But far away, on spindle shanks,
An angler, like a safety-pin,
Has pleated up the bursting banks
And tucked the gleaming Arun in.

O. D.





REPORT ON THE SOUTH BANK

IV. ALL FOR YOUR DELIGHT

WHEN the popular Festival Song is at last penned (it's bound to come) it is pretty sure to concentrate on the glorification of the Pleasure Gardens and Fun Fair—possibly with an alternative couplet thrown in half-way through the refrain as a sop to the more serious activities further down the river. I expect the work is held up at the moment owing to the difficulty of introducing the word Battersea into a really rousing lyric, but the songsmiths of Charing Cross Road must take heart from Laurence Housman and his "mistle-thrush with throat of glee, And nightingale at Battersea." It can be done, and I shall be interested to see what they make of it.

At present the mistle-thrushes, nightingales, greenfinches and other ornithological inhabitants of the Park may still be disconcerted by the sound of sawing, hammering and industrial disputing which has resounded among their trees in recent months, but they will be glad to read that it is all over now, that it has been well worth it, and that many desirable new residences have

come into being as a result, including, of course, the tempting funnels and fire-boxes of Mr. Emmett's wistful locomotives, proceeding with an authentic rattle to and from Oyster Creek. But birdsong, even when fully resumed, will continue to be somewhat obscured by music, laughter, Ladies being Tipped out of Bed, and the incessant sounding of powerful Klaxon horns; these last are affixed, with true showman inspiration, to one of the juvenile distractions—a procession of circulating jeeps in egg-shell blue which, while not otherwise calculated to make the young sick with excitement, are certain to draw customers in their din-starved thousands; the uproar reaches its climax as the vehicles slow down at the end of each ride, passengers cramming in six good ones on the horn before surrendering the driving (or hooting) seat.

It may come as a disappointment to Mr. Morrison to learn that 1951 is destined to go down into history as Rotor Year. I have this on the authority of a much amplified voice raging around a tall, shrouded structure at the Power Station end of the Fair; the voice has hard work to make itself heard above the screams from within, competing for

precedence along the same overburdened cable. Intrigued by these audible manifestations of invisible ordeals I went through my usual drill, first standing near the entrance with a detached air avoiding the Barker's hypnotic eye, then moving to the exit to inspect recent clients for traces of sickness, shock and broken limbs, later walking round the whole thing three times to get my courage up, and finally asking the man on the door if I should be allowed in as a spectator only.

I was. So were about six hundred other non-playing members, all clinging to the steep, planked galleries like ants on an inverted saddle-spring and gazing down on the dozen or so human sacrifices far below—men, women and children of high daring or transparent simplicity pinned by centrifugal force to the whirling walls of a floorless drum. "I tell you," roared the amplified voice, now seen to belong to a pale young man all but gnawing a microphone—"it's Rotor Year, that's what nineteen-fifty-one'll go down into 'istory. Not even the Americans haven't got the Rotor. It's new. It's the Rotor. Just look at 'em down there, 'ark at 'em laugh, they're loving it. Not one of 'em

feels sick, they want the ride to last for ever. They're loving it, it's Rotor Year!" The drum began to slow, the floor came up, and a heavy man in a blue suit was the first to slide down the wall, leaving his lighter wife and family temporarily transfixed.

It was only afterwards that I spotted the announcement outside: "You can Watch or Ride. You are not Compelled to Ride." I must say, it put uneasy thoughts into my mind about the decadence of the British fairgoing spirit—imagine having to be enticed to enjoyment by an assurance that you won't get involved in anything! The case of the working journalist is different; he has to forgo certain delights so that he can be sure of having some legible notes to fall back on; but for the descendants of Drake and Raleigh to need these shameful coaxings is little short of disgraceful. There were similar announcements, I noticed later, outside the Flying Cars; nothing would have delighted me more than to hang upside down by the tyre-treads of a small bright motor-car inside a giant drain-pipe, but once more I was obliged, for duty's sake, to join the hundreds of spectators. Are we to look for a spread of this lily-liveredness to all forms of fairground amusement? Will little children soon be parting with their sixpences in return for the

thrill of watching a handful of reformatory-fodder braving the hand-operated roundabouts?

In fairness, I ought perhaps to say that on the evening of my visit the second biggest queue was for the Rollercoaster. The biggest (the evening had a nip to it) was for the Hot Dog stand. I was in that. The lady who handed me the hottest and onioniest Dog I ever saw off a lead accompanied it with a kindly injunction to mind the grease, dear, and help myself to mustard, adding as she smote up a jubilant ninepence on her cash-register, "There'll be folks come to Battersea this year that never knew there was such a place." In my view, and without for an instant suggesting that the same won't be true of the Exhibition proper, this seems richly probable. On the other hand, among early visitors will undoubtedly be about a couple of hundred thousand from Battersea itself, eager to see what has been going on in their fiercely-loved Park all this time. I don't think they will be either angry or disappointed. None but the most captious, whether from Battersea or

Bulawayo, will be able to keep a curled upper lip after five minutes among these lakes and lawns and harlequin canopies, where Nature and artifice have been most happily blended to reflect and heighten the spirit of holiday. The turnstile accountants around Waterloo must not take it too hard if their October grand totals only come a plucky second: the Third Programme is splendid, everyone is agreed on that, but at this



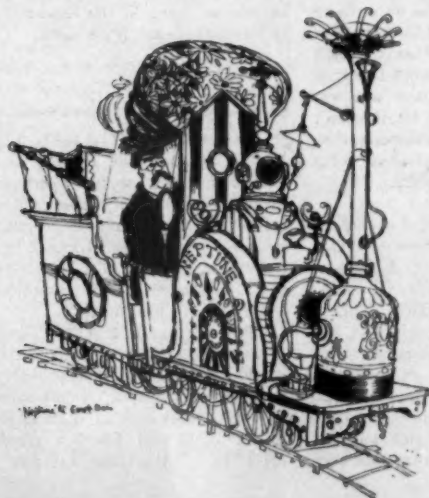
particular point in British history the dial of recreation seems to turn more easily to 1500 m. than 404 m. Let the people sing.

And, talking of music, I felt from the first that something was lacking in the Fun Fair, and until I discovered what it was I had only half my mind on the Ride to the Moon, the Monte Carlo Rally, the Wizard Waltzer and Moggo (the Largest Cat Alive)—to say nothing of a hundred other such diversions as Eels and Shellfish, Waffles and Fritters and Change and Information.

Then I spotted a grey loud-speaker up a tree, and it dawned on me sadly that the music was centralized: somewhere, some lone, concealed official was simply putting on gramophone records, and the music came out here, there and everywhere, all over the Park. Now, am I alone in thinking that half the fun of the fair is that glorious, competitive clash of steam organs, each one pumping out its own tune for dear life and (round the back) spasmodically folding its perforated brown-paper music ready to pump it out all over again? Will no one but me miss the little innocent game of standing between the rival strains of the Wonder Racer and the International Cakewalk, trying to determine the exact point at which "Hearts and Flowers" establishes ascendancy over "The Sheik of Araby"?

But I see that even the titles date me badly. And, in any case, the new arrangement will do wonders for the sheet-music sales of the popular Festival Song.

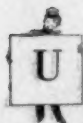
J. B. BOOTHROYD



AT THE PICTURES

Where the Sidewalk Ends

A Tale of Five Cities



UNFORTUNATELY the type, the category to which *Where the Sidewalk Ends* (Director: OTTO PREMINGER) belongs will be enough to make plenty of people damn it out of hand. It is—I won't say fashionable but easy to declare flatly that films of crime and violence are a bad thing, and thus provide oneself with an instant, ready made, clear-cut opinion about the merits of a considerable proportion of screen entertainment. The truth is that there is good and bad among films of crime and violence just as there is among films of any other kind, and people who lump them all together as "gangster pictures," using that phrase as a term of abuse (or, for that matter, as a term of approval), are simply refusing to take the trouble to discriminate. *Where the Sidewalk Ends* is no masterpiece and runs from time to time into clichés of situation, but it seemed to me unusually well done and I enjoyed it. The story moves to a climax of suspense that is effective enough, but quite mechanical, the sort of thing that is contrived for any such thriller; what is important is the sustained interest of all that has led up to it, and that is a matter of

subsidiary character, subsidiary incident, and photography (JOSEPH LA-SHELLE). The film's pictorial style, in fact—strong simple shots rich in contrast, with a very high proportion of big close-ups (perhaps a hand with a wrist-watch, or the back of a head)—is what gives it an individual atmosphere. The hero is an embittered cop (DANA ANDREWS) with a tendency to knock about, on principle, anyone he feels sure is a crook; the "legitimate-citizen complaints" pile up against him, and he is in an awkward spot when a suspect he has casually felled proves to be dead. He gets rid of the body, but there are complications, and conscience wins in the end. GENE TIERNEY decoratively represents the Love of a Good Woman, but the best moments involve people who decorate the narrative in a different sense—the falsely accused taxi-driver (TOM TULLY), the motherly restaurant-keeper (RUTH DONNELLY), and six or more players of even smaller parts. What the title means I don't know; if its metaphor was explained at all, it wasn't in one of the scenes that give the piece its force and character.

Scattered among the miscellaneous linked episodes of *A Tale of Five Cities* (Director: MONTGOMERY TULLY) there is much good, but it is interspersed with moments of irritating facetiousness, that kind of blind hopeful snatching for a laugh, any sort of laugh, that used once



[Where the Sidewalk Ends

Dixon's Last Case

Morgan (a Clue)—GENE TIERNEY

Dixon (a Sleuth)—DANA ANDREWS

to be the death of the average British film. I don't say there are not some good laughs, but I have an uneasy feeling that either the film-makers thought all the others were on the same level or they felt sure ninety-nine per cent of the audience would think so. However, it is misleading to concentrate on this point, for the piece is not essentially a comedy. It consists of a string of episodes set respectively in Rome, Vienna, Berlin, Paris and London, stages in the search of an amnesiac airman (BONAR COLLEANO) for the wife he believes to be one of five girls whose names were found in his cigarette-case. Entertaining, on the whole; but the impression is of triviality, because so many of the characters and situations are from stock.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

La Ronde (16/5/51) is the best in London, though the earnest and serious-minded should perhaps avoid it. *The Great Caruso* offers operatic excerpts sung by a good powerful voice (MARIO LANZA), but nothing in the way of a biography that any student of success-stories couldn't have imagined.

Releases are a thin lot; *Circle of Danger*, an unpretentious little Anglo-American thriller, is probably the most entertaining. Don't overlook the earlier ones, *A Walk in the Sun* (7/3/51) and *Fourteen Hours* (21/3/51). RICHARD MALLETT



[A Tale of Five Cities

Boy Meets Girl

Della—LANA MORRIS; Bob Mitchell—BONAR COLLEANO

CONFERENCE

THE Munton Parva Festival celebrations are now in full swing. Two American visitors are staying at the King's Arms and a man who is thought to be an Australian has lunched twice at the Goat and Thistle. The ornamental horse trough in the Market Square is floodlit on Tuesdays and Saturdays, and hardly a week passes without its special bit of Festival devilry to keep the excitement of the population at fever-heat. Last week we had an exhibition of bridge-building by the Boy Scouts (St. John Ambulance Brigade in attendance), this week we have a Gala Whist Drive with balloons and squeakers, and next week we have the Grand Festival Dance with Bud Boogie and his Boys.

Casting a shadow over this gaiety, however, is the bitter knowledge that the cold war between the Sympton faction and the Hogg faction may at any moment develop into a hot war, and every effort is being made to avoid this, at least until after the high-light of the Festival, the Olde Tyme Cricket Match in August. We have no spare players, and if Brigadier Hogg and Sympton were to liquidate one another we should find it quite impossible to put a full eleven in the field against Munton Magna.

It has been felt for a long time that if Sympton and the Brigadier could be persuaded to meet for a Two-power Conference they might be able to find a formula for burying the hatchet, and last month they both agreed to appoint deputies to work out a provisional agenda for such a meeting.

Brigadier Hogg appointed Johnson-Clitheroe as his deputy, and Sympton appointed me. Unfortunately Johnson-Clitheroe is a pig-headed and obstinate man, and absurdly insisted that the meetings of the deputies should take place in the saloon bar of the Goat and Thistle, where there is no darts-board. Not wishing to lose beer after beer to Johnson-Clitheroe at cribbage, I insisted that we should meet at the King's Arms.

The only way out of the impasse

was obviously for Johnson-Clitheroe and myself to appoint deputies to get together and work out a provisional formula for finding a suitable venue for our meeting. I appointed Entwistle to represent my interests and Johnson-Clitheroe (rather unwisely, in my opinion) appointed Percy Rudd. Percy Rudd has never been known to agree with anybody about anything, and he was the last man to be entrusted with delicate and urgent negotiation.

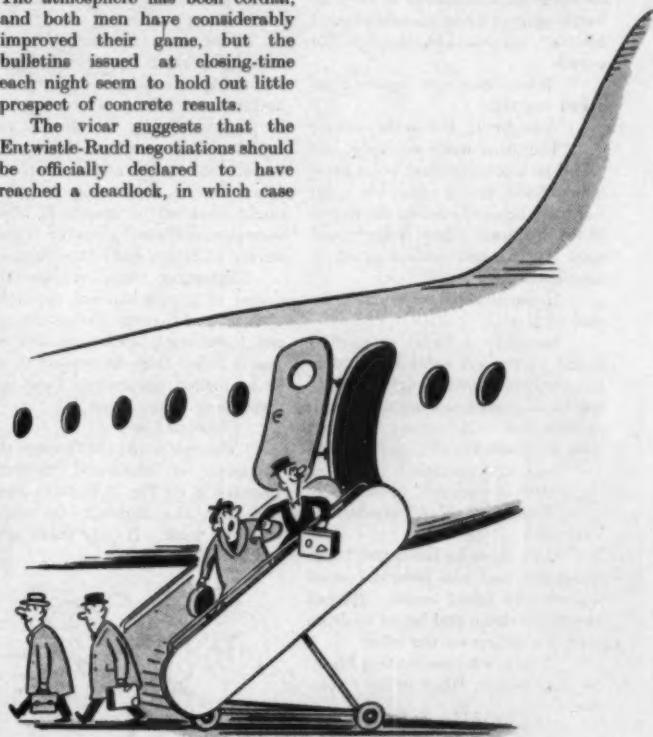
So far Entwistle and Percy Rudd have had forty-three meetings in the Jug and Bottle at the Crown, where there is a bar-billiards table. The atmosphere has been cordial, and both men have considerably improved their game, but the bulletins issued at closing-time each night seem to hold out little prospect of concrete results.

The vicar suggests that the Entwistle-Rudd negotiations should be officially declared to have reached a deadlock, in which case

the way would be clear of course for Entwistle and Rudd to appoint deputies to get together and explore new avenues and turn over fresh stones.

The consensus of opinion in the village, however, is that it will probably be safer to let Entwistle and Rudd continue their meetings until nearer the date of the match. If they should by a miracle unfortunately at length reach an agreement it will be up to Johnson-Clitheroe and myself to keep the pot boiling until we have safely beaten Munton Magna.

D. H. BARBER



"You don't have to say thank you and good-bye to the hostess. It wasn't a party."

THE WRITER'S CRAFT

XIII. SUSPENSE

THE art of creating an atmosphere of suspense is one by no means difficult to acquire, and, since such a knack is indispensable to the writing of readable fiction, the sooner it is acquired the better. A few examples will illustrate the use of the device far more satisfactorily than laboured explanations. I have taken the liberty, for the benefit of less advanced students, of indicating the position of what we call "high tension" points:

"Here's Rupert now!"

The speaker put down his glass, settled his wig more firmly on his head, and turned to face the battle-stained figure who shouldered his way towards him through the crowd.

"What news from Naseby?" he asked eagerly.

("Now for it," thinks the reader.)

The other made no reply, but called in a commanding voice for a quart of ale. Every eye in the room was upon him as he raised the flagon to his lips, took a deep draught and sank into a chair with a grunt of satisfaction.

"I carried all before me," he said at last.

Instantly a babel of excited voices arose, and a dozen men surrounded the prince, laughing, waving their glasses and shouting congratulations. He raised his hand with an authoritative gesture and the clamour was stilled.

"Just a moment," he said.

("What's all this?" wonders the reader.)

"Once more he lifted the flagon to his lips, and once more the crowd waited with bated breath. He put the flagon down and began to drum with his fingers on the table.

"When we were coming back," he said slowly, "that fellow Cromwell—"

("Now we're getting somewhere," thinks the reader.)

"He broke off and his eyes grew sombre. The tension was tremendous. A glass was set down with a slight clink, and a dozen furious glances were darted at the offender. Suddenly the prince shook his

shoulders impatiently, and his face set in resolute lines.

("Here it comes!" gasps the reader.)

"A quart of ale!" he roared. Etc., etc."

It is impossible to lay the book down before Rupert has given a full account of the battle, and by that time, some pages later, the reader is puzzling over the identity of a mysterious stranger who has been set upon by some anglers outside the inn and bludgeoned into insensibility. When at last he learns that this is Izaak Walton, his attention is engaged by another problem, and so the thing goes on.

There is hardly any form of writing in which this device cannot be used to advantage. In "how-to-makes" and informative articles it is perhaps hardly necessary, yet even here I have introduced it with some success. My next example is taken from a little series of what might be called "dramatized" how-to-makes, contributed to the *Woodworker's Clarion* some time ago:

"Menacing thunderclouds reduced to a pallid gleam the light that filtered through the window of the little work room and fell on young Pole's face, drawn and tense as he looked uncertainly from one implement to the other.

"Chisel or saw?"

"The saw would cut through the fragment of unwanted material (marked X on Fig. 2) in an instant, but then the slightest slip might ruin the work. If only there were

someone to advise, some sign or portent. His hand strayed towards the chisel. . . . A blinding flash! A bellow of thunder! Dazzled and shaken, the youngster staggered back, but recovered himself immediately and, with an upward gesture of acknowledgment, snatched down his saw."

The final example is taken from my "Adventures of William Wordsworth," which aroused a good deal of interest when it appeared as a serial in the old *Boilermaker*, nearly a quarter of a century ago:

"De Quincey sprang to his feet with an exclamation of pleasure.

"It's Wordsworth! Come in, come in! Good heavens! What have you done to your eye?"

"The poet threw himself heavily into a chair. His face was very pale, and the good-natured little economist searched hastily for restoratives.

"Thank you, thank you. I have been a good deal shaken. No, no, man, not that! A little brandy, if you have it. Thank you, thank you!"

"De Quincey eyed his friend with growing concern.

"You have been fighting, Wordsworth?"

"The poet held up his right hand with a grim smile. The knuckles were swollen and discoloured.

"But who—? What on earth—!"

"The little opium-eater was incoherent in his excitement.

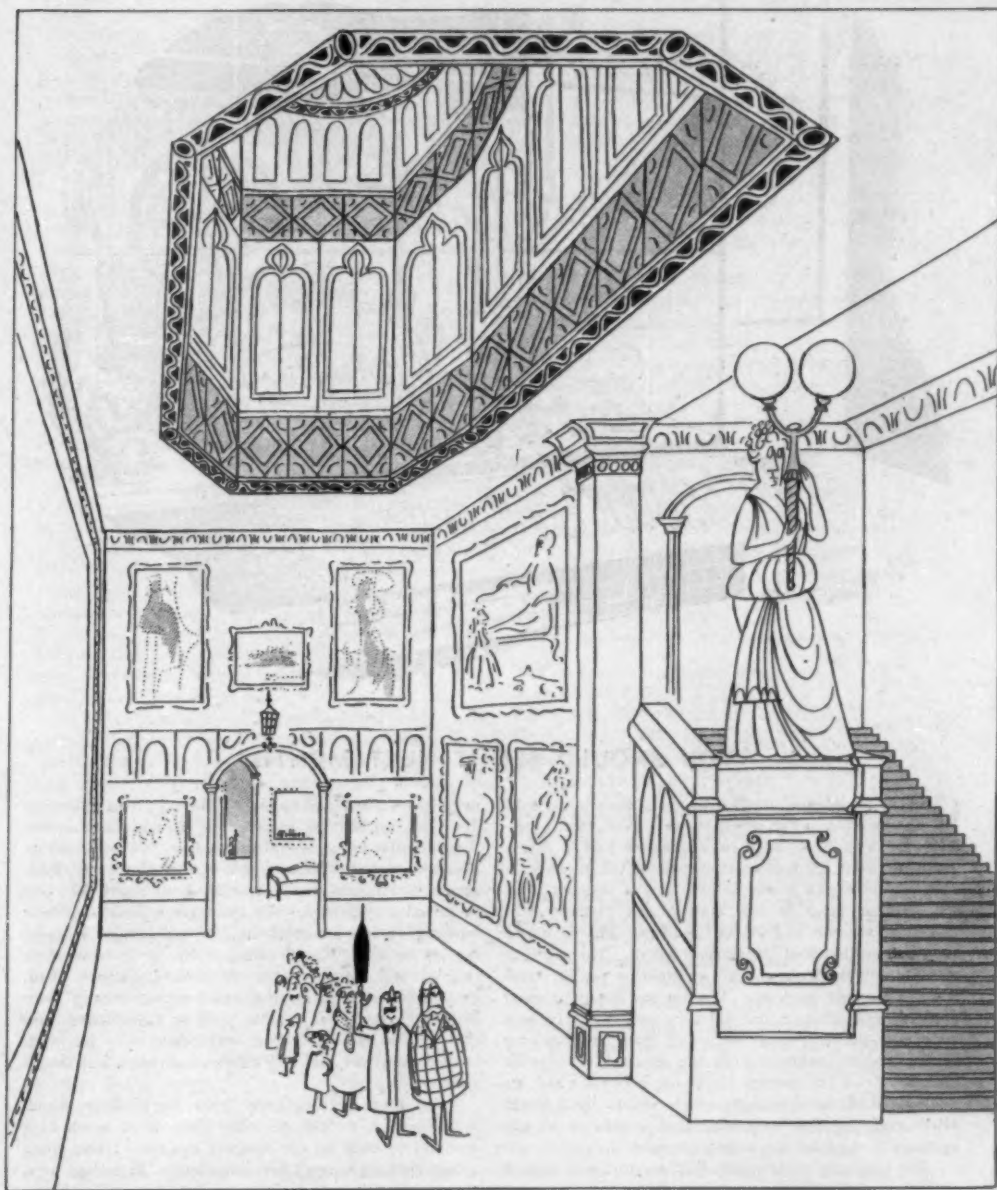
"The older man leaned forward, his face set.

"They've got Dorothy," he said quietly."

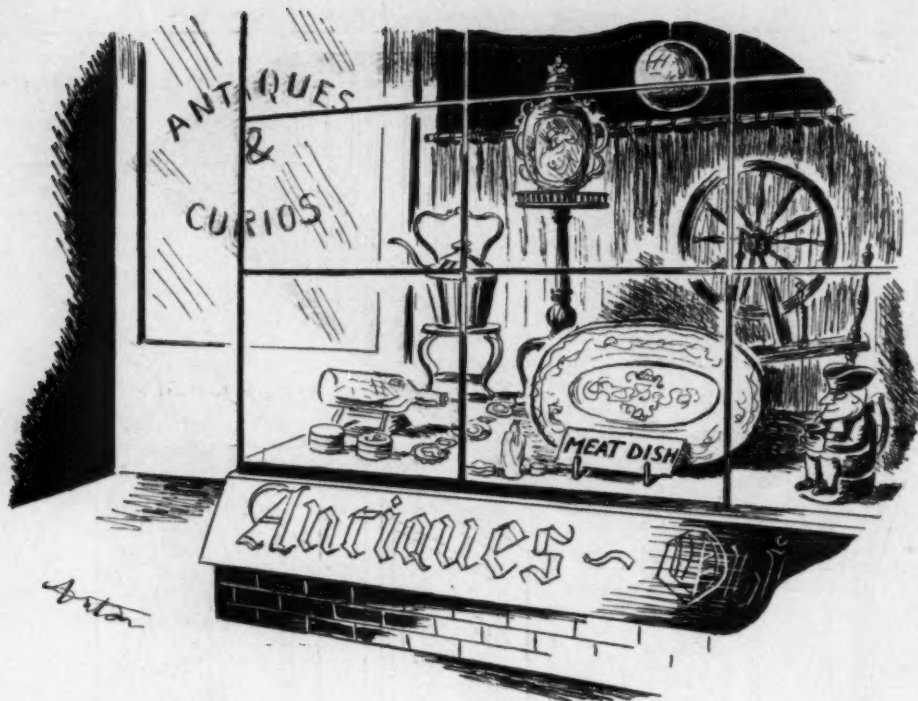
This extract ended the fifth episode of my serial, and I happen to know that the *Boilermaker* circulation rocketed for the sixth, in which Wordsworth, Coleridge and De Quincey ride to Dorothy's rescue. Readers might care to submit their versions of this episode—my title was "At Grips on Great Gable"—introducing suspense at every possible point, and using as their models the examples I have quoted.

T. S. WATT





"Flying bomb, I presume."



YOU SHOULD SEE IT NEXT MONTH

ONE of the things the British are always being told they are is a nation of gardeners. Well, that's true enough. You have only to walk past half a dozen beautiful front gardens to come across the seventh, a subdued little plot newly tidied, as you can tell from the rubbish heap in the corner, and lacking only flowers to make it as good as the next. That's one of the characteristics of us near-gardeners. No planting of flowers in the front garden where other people could watch them not growing. We pin our hopes to some unidentifiable clumps that did very well last July, and keep our eschscholtzias—we're all good spellers—for the back garden where no one can see us. There must be a touch of the ostrich about us, because when we have finished our pruning, which we do by instinct after studying the book, our first action is to nip upstairs to look at the rose-trees next door.

We may not know much but we do know that if you want daffodils, not just daffodil leaves, you start your gardening the autumn before, and I'm not saying that we ourselves didn't put in quite a few Sundays of paralyzing toil last October. For one thing we tore a huge clump of free wallflowers into tiny pieces—

neighbours often give us plants, the way relations often give Belgian stamps to schoolboys—and for another we planted a lot of bits of carnations. Nobody told us about carnation cuttings, it's one of the queer fragments of folklore we seem to have inherited, like our technical vocabulary. We can't see a fellow-amateur bashing at the soil with half a coat-hanger without remarking that Keats called such an instrument a dibble, and getting told he meant dibber. And, having learnt a great deal more school botany than ordinary people, we tend to pick up fallen leaves and say "There you are, you see! Serrate." No such remark has ever had any effect on anyone, but that's botany all over.

But I am getting away from our gardens, which is more than we can do when there is so much as a rosebud to keep an encouraging eye on. I was going to say that we haven't had them long. If we had we'd have had a firmer plan for annuals—a word that no longer calls up a mental picture of the Bruin Boys—and perhaps even biennials. We've got this word taped now, but it meant a bit of etymological argument, with us protesting "But if you had a biennial bath" and

ending by getting out the dictionary, because we hold that gardening books, like cookery books, are a little too bossy to be academically infallible. But we owe them much. It may be the ironmonger's paper-chain of seed-packets that ultimately determines our herbaceous borders—if that is not too ambitious a description for the spaces between the chrysanthemums—but it is to our books that we turn to see which of the Jobs for the Month have coincided with our day's work.

We're beavers for work. We sort of boil up from a lukewarm start, and if we begin the afternoon by looking thoughtfully at last year's mint we end it with a spade and half the garden on the path. Our virtue, and our weakness, is our perfectionism. Give us a rock-garden and it's as much as we can do not to take up the rocks and dust them. We tunnel for buttercup-roots like a dachshund after a rabbit, and we attain such a climax of weed-persecution that no small plant is safe. That's not quite true; the ones on the left are, if we're working towards the right. By the time we get down to the half-bricks along the border we're having to keep a grip on ourselves or we shall be returfing the lawn the way the book says.

However, you can do a lot with mowing, especially if the mower has no box in front and the grass-cuttings are left to give a nice level finish. We like long difficult grass because you can cut it only by using the mower like a vacuum-cleaner; and that, I don't need to remind housewives, means covering every square foot three times over and calls for some rather hopeless arithmetic in the early stages. And every housewife will agree with me that you cannot sweep a flagged path, not the way we sweep it, without a dim feeling that we'll be needing the furniture polish.

I hope I have conveyed the enthusiasm which marks our approach to our gardens and differentiates us from the people next door, who have a man in an earthy hat two days a week to potter methodically among the seasonal riot of colour. It's not that we envy these next-door gardens. We know they're not real, any more than the rooms in looking-glasses, and if we're invited into them what fascinates us is not the flowering shrubs, which we can see very well from the bathroom, but the extraordinary view of our own upstairs windows.

I have ignored the whole question of vegetable gardens. They don't come into this article because they are manned by experts. These experts may find it convenient not to know a marigold from a delphinium, but up there fighting with the bean-sticks they are lords undisputed; as we, who take them cups of tea and have to ask before we can start picking the spinach, should know.

ANDE

"Asked for a statement this afternoon, Councillor Eric C. Crawford, Mayor, told the 'Guardian' there had been reports of 'dangerous practices' at the abattoir and 'dangerous intervention' by some members of the Council in infringement of regulations as regards inspection. It was time to slaughter them."—*Trinidad Guardian*

Now, now, Councillor—temper!

JULIET AND THE JUSTICE

SHE stands, a lonely figure,
Weighted with all the wisdom of her fifteen years.
Her eyes are open, and unstopped her ears,
And yet 'twould seem she neither sees nor hears
The Justices, who seem to her to be
Part of her little world's hostility.

No charge is made. It would appear her sole
Offence is that she is beyond control,
Nor to her parents' will in due subjection,
And therefore needful of the Court's protection.

Behind her sit her parents,
Antonio Capelletti and his scrawny wife,
Filled with the jealousy which pulsing life
Awakes in souls long dead.
The father's broken tale stumbles along
The sordid path of Julietta's wrong.

The Chairman of the Bench quite carelessly
Raises his eyes to see
This youthful monster of iniquity.
There's nothing striking here,
Nothing that would appear
To mark her out as different from the rest
Of her delinquent sisterhood distressed.
Her clothes are shabby, and upon her face,
On which is writ a certain line of grace,
There lies a dusty band
Where she has laid her cheek upon her hand.

But now their eyes have met,
Justice and Juliet;
The Court, the officers, the drone
Of voices go; and they alone,
Justice and Julietta, strangely seem
To share the self-same dream.

The father's voice goes on—"Dis young-a man
Climb-a de wall . . ."—and on and on it ran.
The Justice, watching, sees the curtain rise,
And, on the pupil's screen of Julietta's eyes
Sees Romeo with love's light wings o'erperch the wall,
And swiftly run his sleeping maid to call.

By what strange alchemy he may not know
The Justice now becomes the Romeo;
The contours of his face are smooth,
His lineaments take on the garb of youth;
His grey hairs darken, and his figure slims;
A long-lost vigour courses through his limbs.

They meet—lover and much-beloved,
By overwhelming mutual passion moved.
They part—ah! would that they might borrow
Hours from the credit balance of to-morrow.

The curtain falls. The Justice, with a sigh,
Reverts to all his wonted dignity,
And bends his mind a happier way to seek
For Julietta of the smudgy cheek.

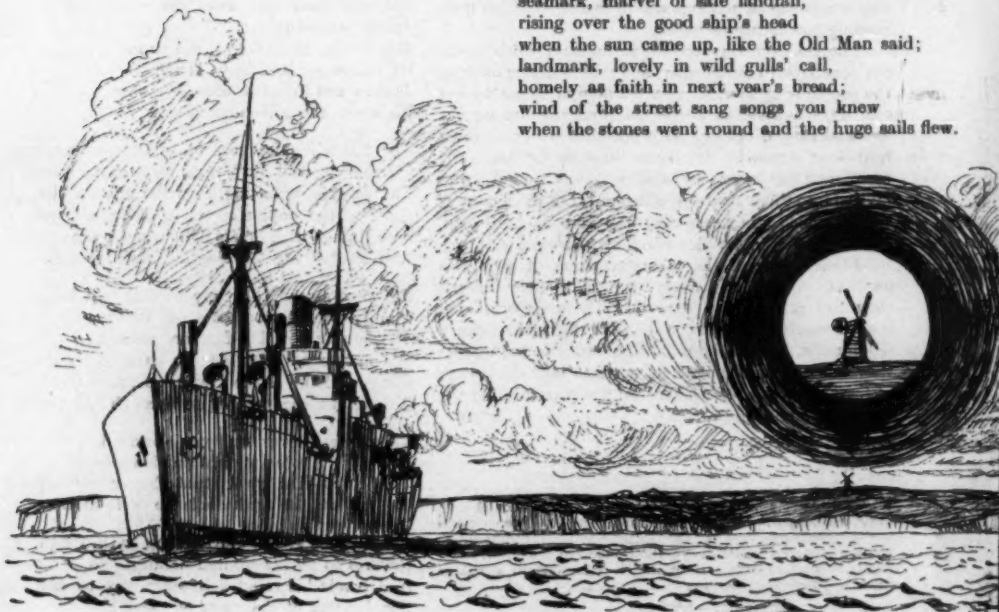


WIND MILL

(CONSPIC.)

ON a scrap of chart from the salvage bin
by the cellar window where rain fell so—
a scrap that I found as the light came in
when clouds rolled over to Pimlico—
a bright black line like a clean sun's dart
sprang from the sea to the crown of a hill,
and found in the fog of the grimier part
the neat small sign of a tall tower mill.

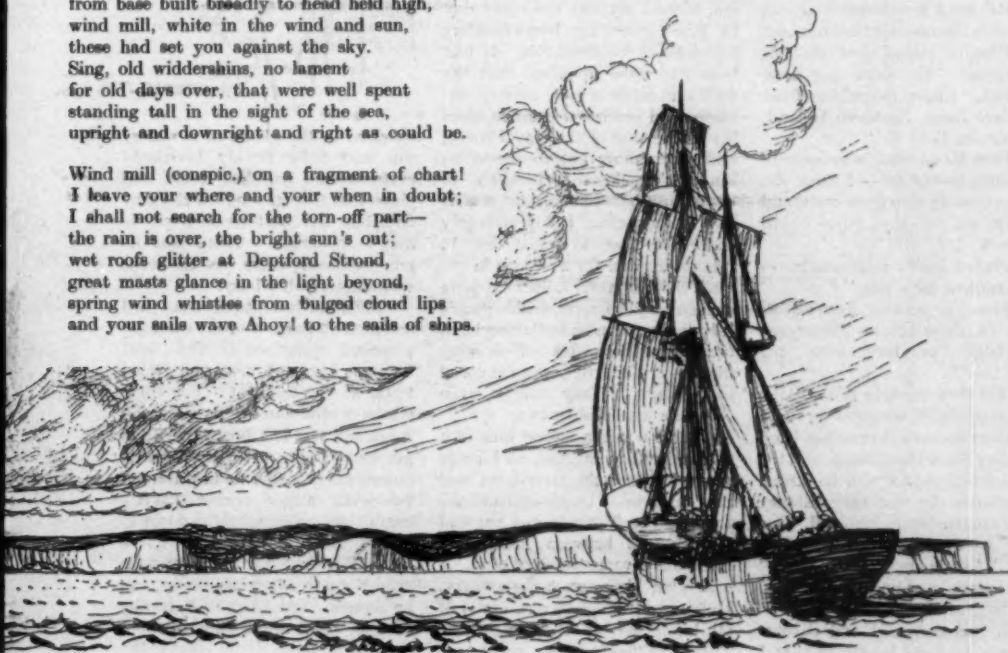
O tall as the note of a starting-gun;
tiny and lively and lovelier still
in the glass of a mate or a Number One;
wind mill (conspic.) in the wind and sun!
Tower that looked on the troublous sea
and cheered the heart of a mariner,
tower that sang to the minstrelsy
of great sails flying when wild days were;
white, and wonderful; towering tall,
seamark, marvel of safe landfall,
rising over the good ship's head
when the sun came up, like the Old Man said;
landmark, lovely in wild gulls' call,
homely as faith in next year's bread;
wind of the street sang songs you knew
when the stones went round and the huge sails flew.

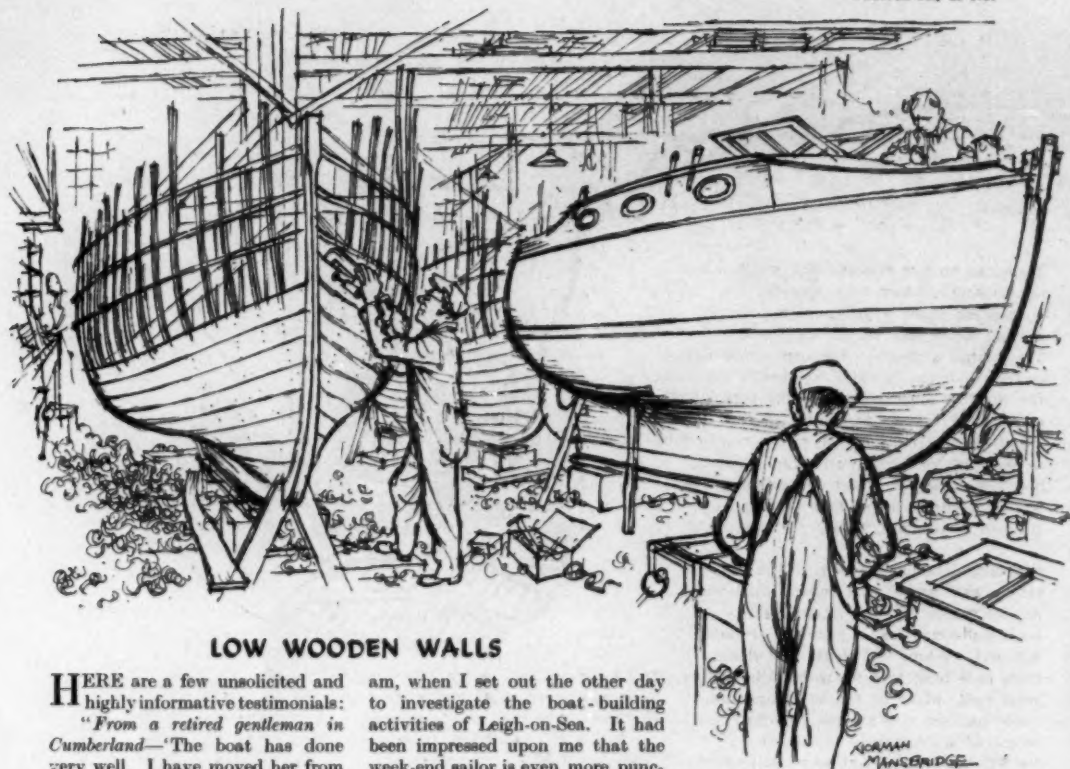


There, to an eye closed tight, great wings
are passing a window in majesty,
winnowing grass with whistling awings,
soaring again like things set free.
The fantail's moving, the cap comes round,
in the ear is the chink of weights in the pail,
the shutters are closing and sing with sound
of grinding rumble and swish of sail.
Breath's held hard as the power comes full,
in cold light singing, in surging pull,
and salt comes smarting on lips gone dry.
In low cloud tattered and driving by
the cap is a-sailing, sailing the sky.

Seamark, landmark, crown of the hill,
strong and simple and rightly made;
nimble notion and fine-drawn skill,
tools well-loved and a mastered trade,
wit and wisdom and work well done
from base built broadly to head held high,
wind mill, white in the wind and sun,
these had set you against the sky.
Sing, old widdershins, no lament
for old days over, that were well spent
standing tall in the sight of the sea,
upright and downright and right as could be.

Wind mill (conspic.) on a fragment of chart!
I leave your where and your when in doubt;
I shall not search for the torn-off part—
the rain is over, the bright sun's out;
wet roofs glitter at Deptford Strond,
great masts glance in the light beyond,
spring wind whistles from bulged cloud lips
and your sails wave Ahoy! to the sails of ships.





LOW WOODEN WALLS

HERE are a few unsolicited and highly informative testimonials:

"From a retired gentleman in Cumberland—'The boat has done very well. I have moved her from the River Bann, Northern Ireland, to Ullswater Lake . . .'"

"From the circulation manager of an evening newspaper—I think she is an extremely nice little craft, and so say all of my fellow club members . . ."

"From a soldier in Lancashire—'An excellent little ship!'"

"From a musical instruments dealer in Birmingham—'Everyone has fallen in love with the vessel . . .'"

All of these remarks relate to the same marketable commodity, to an item identified as a Bermudian 4-ton Auxiliary Stem Head Sloop, and the perspicacious reader will be struck immediately by the inconsistency of the nomenclature involved. Our sloop is described variously as "boat," "little craft," "little ship" and "vessel," and nobody, it seems, finds the variety offensive.

All this surprised and encouraged me, lubberly landsman that I

am, when I set out the other day to investigate the boat-building activities of Leigh-on-Sea. It had been impressed upon me that the week-end sailor is even more punctilious and precise, if possible, than his big brother of the Royal Navy, and much more apt to resent an innocent landsman's inability to distinguish between, say, a binnacle and a barnacle. I felt strangely comforted, too, to know that 'in private life and for five days in the week these amateur sailors are quite ordinary and comprehensible people—retired gentlemen in Cumberland, circulation managers of evening newspapers and dealers in musical instruments. They might even include a journalist or two.

There was the merest hint of a nautical roll in my gait as I made my way along the river-front and past the rows of cockle-stalls to the boat-yards. The tide was out and the Thames between Essex and Kent was a vast stretch of mud. A cold wind blew across the estuary. Hundreds of ships (boats, craft) of all kinds lay at their moorings. Their brilliant new paintwork

sparkled in the gleam of a watery sun and their freshly laundered curtains and polished brass and chromium fittings studded the grey flats like the buttons on a pearly king's waistcoat. There was no movement anywhere, yet the scene was indescribably busy.

Then I turned into the boat-yard and fired off the first of my carefully prepared questions. The boat builders, I learned, are doing a good trade at the moment. For some reason or other (an oversight, surely) Whitehall has left boats free from purchase tax, so they remain uncommonly moderate in price. A two-berth motor cruiser (23 ft.), completely equipped right down to foam-rubber mattresses costs a mere £995, and our auxiliary stem head sloop, ready to sail away, can be bought for £850. Naturally enough, they are selling like hot cakes.

I looked for assembly lines and signs of mass production. "No, it doesn't work here," one salt-encrusted old boat builder told me. "We tried a touch of mass production a year or so ago. We make a standard boat—well, several standard boats—and you might think we could knock out standard parts and then assemble 'em. But it doesn't work: not with boats. Our method is slower, but we reckon to turn out a good job. It takes me and the boy, just the two of us, a matter of three months to make the hull of one of these sloops."

"And d'you know what?" he continued as I jotted the figures into my notebook. "The river's full of 'em, and yet no two of 'em sail exactly alike. For why? Because they're all different. Oh, yes, all to the same weight and measure, but different. It's the human factor, see!"

I watched this agile craftsman and his young apprentice at their work. They were shaping the next plank for the port side of the vessel, a plank subtly and sinuously moulded to accommodate the double curve of the hull. The procedure seemed unbelievably intricate, and I said so.

"Simple enough when you know how," he said. "It's like making a barrel."

But it isn't, really.

It was here, in these riparian boat-yards, the historians tell us, that our native craftsmanship first took root and proliferated. The first raw material to be mastered by the English was wood. Oak and elm were converted into wooden walls and instruments of transport and commerce; and the skills acquired in this labour were then applied to the building of timbered houses and churches. The stonemason, the potter, the thatcher and the weaver all took their standards and perhaps their tempo from the worker in wood, from the boat builder. And the boat builders of Alfred's day worked very much as the sloop builders of Leigh-on-Sea work today, with the same timbers, with more or less the same tools, with the mud flats at their door and the screeching gulls overhead. (The

historians, by the way, do not mention the gulls.)

Most industrial workers are condemned by the economics of the division of labour to devote their entire working lives to the manufacture of components, and are therefore denied the craftsman's pride and satisfaction in the entity and entirety of his products. It is often difficult for the component-producer to identify the fruits of his labour in the assembled article. The poor fellow wins no praise—even from his wife—for his share in the B.I.F. or the South Bank show: he is merely the man who makes the whatsits for the thingummy-jigs.

But the boat builder! He sees his work grow from rough-hewn oak, elm and mahogany into the skeleton of a sloop—all ribs and backbone: and he lives with it for months until the ribs are covered with sound tissue, colour and polish. And as he works he has only to lift his eyes to the Thames to see the sister-ships of his present handiwork, their white sails flying.

Yes, I liked the look of this finished Bermudian 4-ton auxiliary stem head sloop with her three hundred feet of mains'l and fores'l, her light alloy mast reaching thirty feet above the deck, her stem, stem post, keel and timbers of good English oak, her shelveings of mahogany and rudder of elm. She seemed ship- or boat-shape throughout and even my unpractised eye could detect that her total weight would be roughly equal to the weight of water she displaced. I was quite happy too about her transverse, dynamical and longitudinal stability.

The design of these handsome boats alters very little. Wind and

water are roughly what they were hundreds and thousands of years ago: and so is timber. So the designer's work and the ship's lines are governed by tradition and the inflexible principles of marine architecture.

I asked one of the sixty-odd craftsmen employed in this particular boat-yard whether he tired of these three-month cycles of activity.

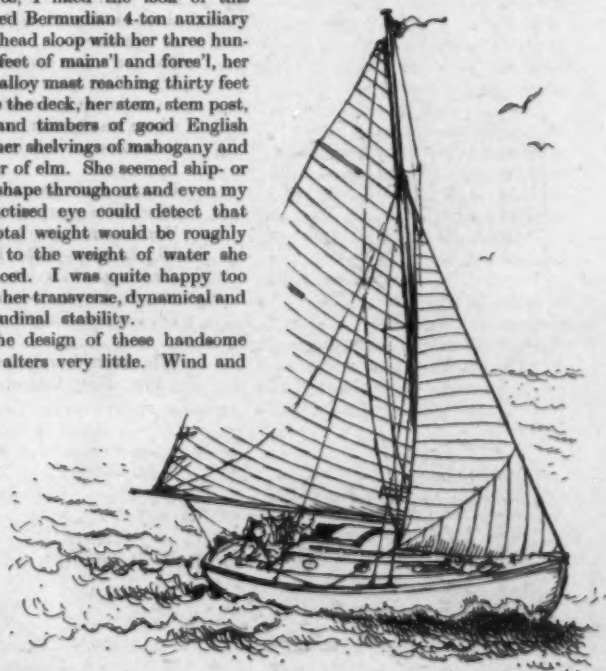
"Well," he said, "I can't say I don't welcome Saturdays and Sundays. I enjoy my work, but you can have too much of a good thing, can't you?"

"I suppose you've got a nice bit of garden to keep you busy?" I said.

"Garden! Not me. Most weekends I'm out on the river. I've got a little boat. Knocked her together in my spare time. A nice old girl, she is—a bit headstrong and flighty at times, but a glutton for work. Providing," he added, "you knows how to handle her."

"Of course," I said, "of course."

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



THE MAP

THIS is the map I drew in Geog. one day
at the beginning of the most endless term
(Old Harrison, in his sarcastic way
snarling about this sceptred isle of kings
its climate, isobar by isotherm—
bits of that blessed climate breaking through
both cloud and classroom window maddeningly).

The Gulf Stream gulphed my ears; the Trade Winds
blew
from . . . was it China? to . . . could that be? Peru.
Lonely as the Wordsworthian cloud, my thoughts
wander'd (one weather-eye on Old H.) to
the one square mile in all the earth I knew.

I mapped South Milford station, and the brook,
the High Street and the Low Street, Plum Tree Lane,
Monk Fryston crossroads—boundary marks—then took
all but my body back through Eden Gates
(Old Harrison buzzing about convectional rain)

Field by remembered field, each path, each hedge
I mapped: the mill dam, where the water lipped the
ledge

of the cool, green-slimed stone above the sluice.
I drew the fishing heron (myself as rapt),
the leg he stood on the hypotenuse
of a triangle. The bank where the martins sapped
their cloth-yard adits. The cross beds. Ghost Owl
Spinney.

The fox's five earths, and the badger's bolt.
What field grew barley—oats—potatoes—beet.
I put in squiggles—for buttercups—in the Linhay
where many-summered Snowball dropped her colt
to wobble on stilt legs through the meadowsweet.

O map, more true than the six-inch Ordnance sheet,
of sprawled cartography wildly out of scale!
Uncontoured insult to my pedagogue!
Minute map of the Lands beyond the Pale,
dear map of Avalon, of Tir nan Og!
Map upon which—oh, thirty years now gone—
fell the dread shadow of Old Harrison.

Who grinned, and touched my shoulder lightly, and said:
"Yes. Keep that always at the back of your head."

R. C. SCRIVEN



SOFT AND
HARD BOILED

"WELL may you weep!" I said severely to the youngest of the three malefactors. She stood about a yard high and felt dismally in her knicker leg for her handkerchief. Tears coursed down her face in fat drops.

Mr. Henry, the farmer, on whose behalf I was doing justice, began to weave unhappily about the school-room.

He stands six feet four in his gum-boots, played full back for the county for years, halts mad bulls with one hand and has a heart as soft as a marshmallow. I could see I should have trouble with him if I didn't hurry up the proceedings.

He was gazing miserably at a case of cocoa from FOD to DESSERT CHOCOLATE.

"Look," he said desperately, approaching my desk, "let them off this time."

He spoke in what he thought was a whisper, but half a dozen tracings of South America were blown to the floor. He winced at the sight of the three children standing in front of the assembled school (all twenty-five of them).

The second child, seeing his harrowed face, now began to pipe her eye with some energy.

"Sorry I ever brought it up," he muttered. "Poor little things! So small—" His voice broke.

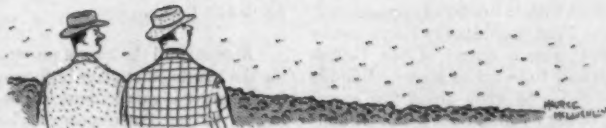
"Nonsense!" I said firmly. "Not so small that they don't know right from wrong."

I walked deliberately to the cupboard at the end of the class-room. There was a respectful hush. Tradition had it that there was a cane in that cupboard—never used, but much venerated. This was an Occasion.

I felt among the enormous wooden cones, cubes, hexagons and other massive shapes that these children's grand-parents used to use for some mysterious bygone lesson.

Where was that dratted cane, I fumed to myself, with my head among the raffia.

"It's by them maps, miss," murmured the head boy, who should go far when he leaves school. He



"To make things worse, I've an idea I returned this field as potatoes."

intends, he tells me, to work up the Atomic. I retrieved the cane from between the Holy Land and Muscles of the Human Body.

Mr. Henry was nearly in tears himself when I put it on my desk.

"I shan't use it, silly," I hissed at him with my back to the class, but I raised it solemnly and pointed it at the biggest sinner. He was of gipsy stock and wore long black corduroy trousers, five jerseys, two waistcoats and a spotted neckerchief. His round black eyes met mine boldly.

"Abraham, you knew it was wrong to take Mr. Henry's eggs!"

"Yes, miss."

"And you knew, too, Anne?"

"Yes," she sniffed remorsefully.

"And Carol?"

The smallest one nodded dumbly. Her knicker leg had failed to yield a handkerchief.

Mr. Henry, I was glad to see, had pulled himself together and managed a creditably reproving shake of the head.

"If this happens again," I told the children, "I shall use this cane, not just show it to you."

The school looked approving. Right's right, after all.

"How many eggs did you take, Carol?"

"One."

"Then you will have one tap with this cane if you steal again."

I turned to Anne.

"I took free," she said.

"Then you know how many taps you would get."

I could feel the atmosphere relaxing nicely. The end was in sight. Mr. Henry had seen justice done, the cane would return to its dusty habitat, and the Occasion was rounding off nicely.

I pointed the cane at Abraham.

"I took a 'ole 'atful," he said.

Mr. Henry snorted, and began to blow his nose furiously.

"But I never went to the 'en 'ouse, miss," pleaded Abraham, a heart-breaking gipsy whine creeping into his voice. "They was all together, miss—honest, miss—atween the 'edge and the tractor shed."

Mr. Henry wheeled round delightedly.

"Well, what do you make of that?" he exclaimed, rummaging energetically in his breeches pocket. "That's a real sharp lad! We've been scouring the place for weeks for that pullet's nest!"

"Ted Drake took up the cudgel; 'The Arsenal spirit will always be Arsenal man, always an Arsenal the same,' he said. 'Once on man."

And there was something in the way he said it which showed the club masonry glowing through."

"Mombasa Times"

Thus giving them something to bite on.

AT THE PLAY

Variety (PALLADIUM)—*King Henry IV, Part II* (STRATFORD-ON-AVON)
Hassan (CAMBRIDGE THEATRE)—*Cæsar and Cleopatra* and
Antony and Cleopatra (ST. JAMES'S)



IN the theatre the opening of the Festival season has been so busy that detail must give way to impressions—most easily dealt with in "order of appearance."

First, then, DANNY KAYE, surely too close a friend of the British family to be called Mister. I find it difficult to write about this extraordinary young man with restraint, because for me his unique blend of originality, skill and sympathy puts him ahead of all the solo entertainers I have ever seen. Yes, even of Maurice Chevalier. His earlier triumphs here were no accident; if anything, he is a little better now, for there is more shape to his kaleidoscopic pattern. All his turns are new to our stage, and what an amazing variety he brings of mood and attack! Of accent he seems a natural conductor: early Coward, Harry Lauder, Cockney, Western heroes, broken English, all are faultless. From his own supersonic gibberish he switches to a nursery rhyme of melting innocence, and straight on into razor-edged satire. When he is tired he lies down and talks to us as if we were his favourite aunts. I had remembered his astonishing vocal control, the charm of his slow, schoolboy smile, his

magnetic command of his audience, but I had forgotten how much his lean fingers can say. In contrast with most of his competitors there is not a single doubtful crack in the whole of a flashing hour.

At Stratford the idea of presenting the Plantagenet plays in chronological order is gaining interest; one begins to see Shakespeare's plan with a fresh eye. *King Henry IV, Part II*, produced by Mr. MICHAEL REDGRAVE, is given a vigour that charges the duller passages with life and makes us conscious of the tense uncertainty of the times. Mr. ANTHONY QUAYLE's *Falstaff* has shed a few pounds of make-up and is much improved, for you can now see his face; he remains, this *Falstaff*, a crafty old soak with a conscience, but he is a good deal more human. As *Bolingbroke*, Mr. HARRY ANDREWS, who has aged wonderfully, is again excellent, and Mr. RICHARD BURTON assumes his new burden of kingship impressively. I thought *Mistress Quickly* and *Doll Tearsheet* both forced, but Mr. ALAN BADEL's *Shallow* is a most inventive essay in senility.

Hassan cannot be said to revive, even in the loving and accustomed



(Antony and Cleopatra)

Fire and Ice

Octavius Cæsar—MR. ROBERT HELPMANN
Cleopatra—MISS VIVIEN LEIGH
Antony—SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER

hands of Mr. BASIL DEAN. It comes to, partially, in the verse, and completely (though too late) in the magnificent Samarkand chorus, but its theatrical ineptness, its affinity to pantomime, and the literary cut of its dialogue cannot be disguised for three and a half very long hours. This production is slow, and needs a *Hassan* with more variety than is offered by Mr. ANDRÉ HUGUENET. Mr. FREDERICK VALK makes a formidable *Caliph* (his ascent in the basket suggests a balloonic Valkyrie) but his enunciation of English verse is still imperfect. The three most satisfactory members of the cast are Mr. LAURENCE HARDY, the poet, and Miss HILDA SIMMS and Mr. LAURENCE HARVEY, the lovers. Dressing the Baghdad police in Gilbert and Sullivan uniforms doesn't help.

And so to the grand climax of the week, the double bill at the St. James's, where *Cæsar and Cleopatra* and *Antony and Cleopatra* were presented superbly by the same cast on successive nights. This was indeed a feast to mark a festival. The first is no more than second-line Shaw, *demi-pétillant*, that rings the changes lightly on the notion of a tired conqueror paternally in love with a child-queen beginning to grow up, but seems at times almost



(Hassan)

Despotism

Hassan—MR. ANDRÉ HUGUENET

Caliph—MR. FREDERICK VALK

dangerously trivial; even so, Sir LAURENCE OLIVIER and Miss VIVIEN LEIGH show that it can still provide rich entertainment. Miss LEIGH's *Cleopatra* is very young, very charming, and yet a vixen; Sir LAURENCE's *Cesar* is tired and humorous and gentle. Both are beautiful performances, and the two best scenes, the discovery at the Sphinx and the farewell, are perfectly played. Add a cast of distinction, greatly enlivened by Mr. ROBERT HELPMANN's Sicilian art-dealer.

Mr. MICHAEL BENTHALL has produced both pieces impeccably. When we came to the Shakespeare

it proved an historic evening, a great play splendidly acted and consummately staged. Miss LEIGH may give the second *Cleopatra* little warmth, but she gives her everything else with a polished precision that makes it the best performance of her career. This *Cleopatra* is equally a courtesan and a queen. Antony, the outsize man of action (as Shaw's hero is not) caught in the trap of lifetime emotions, can never, one feels, have been more fully or brilliantly explored than he is by Sir LAURENCE. Again Mr. HELPMANN is admirable, this time as a ruthlessly icy Octavius; and again there is a long list of actors and

actresses who bring consistent quality to an exceptional production. I mean much more than formal praise in saying that Mr. ROGER FURSE's simple and striking sets, Miss AUDREY CRUDDAS's exquisite dresses and Mr. HERBERT MENGES' stirring music all play in it a vital part.

Recommended

Christopher Fry's latest play, *A Sleep of Prisoners* (St. Thomas's Church, Regent Street), is puzzling but dramatic. In *Man and Superman* (Princes) Kay Hammond and John Clements show Shaw at his best. ERIC KEOWNS

FESTIVAL MUSIC

EVER since the ceremonial opening of the Royal Festival Hall and the rousing inaugural concert given in the presence of Their Majesties, this new and exotic arrival has created as great a furore and been as much the talk of the town as any famous beauty of days gone by. Perhaps even the sad disappointment over the non-appearance of Signor Toscanini to conduct the opening concerts was not, after all, so overwhelming a disaster; for the question on most people's lips since the opening night has been not "Did you hear Sir Malcolm Sargent's 'Rule Britannia'?" but "Have you heard the Festival Hall in Handel, or Beethoven, or Vaughan Williams?" And while the gallantry of Sir Malcolm is proverbial and can be taken for granted, Signor Toscanini might well have been disconcerted on arrival from New York to find the limelight thus stolen from him by a *diva* of steel, glass, and the latest thing in acoustics.

One's first encounter with the new hall is not unlike the joyful and distressful sensation of falling in love. All that one knows for certain on such occasions is that, for good or ill, the world will never again be quite the same as it was thirty seconds ago. Music in the Festival Hall not only sounds different; it is different, owing to the effect of the surroundings—the lightness and

space, the sense of distances ending in the sky, the magical views of the city and the river from the foyers, the staircases that seem to be built of air, and the walls that do not enclose but let in ever more space. To enter the doors is to feel repose and liberation of spirit, so that when you are settled in your seat the music speaks to you directly.

Perhaps a little too directly; for the sound reaches you so pure and undefiled that at times it seems too sanitary to be borne. There is no comforting blur to hide small defects in playing, no rich formless mush of sound in which to wallow unthinkingly. Every note from every instrument stands out clearly, compelling you to listen. The hall best displays its virtuosity—for a hall can be a virtuoso too—in such a work as Walton's kaleidoscopic "Scapino" overture, and it also reveals Strauss's "Don Juan" in unimagined splendour, like a newly-cleaned Rubens at the National Gallery; but the atmosphere of Debussy's "La Mer" evaporates as morning mist in the sunshine. Clarity, it seems, must be purchased at the expense of atmosphere and the bloom of the orchestral tone. It is not mere perversity that makes us still prefer to hear Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra discoursing Mozart and Haydn at the Albert Hall rather than at the

Festival Hall; for, where so much depends on delicate nuance, too little resonance is worse than too much. If Echo is not allowed to waft a phrase of Mozart away into silence, the effect is as if it had been truncated with a pair of scissors. On the other hand, finely-controlled piano-playing like that of Claudio Arrau, choral singing with a choir of two hundred and fifty, and the spoken word, are all at their best. Bliss's "Morning Heroes" for Orator, Chorus and Orchestra has never sounded better—nor, be it added, has the contrast in quality between the passages from the Iliad and those from Walt Whitman used in the course of it ever been more painful. The Festival Hall has no mercy.

There have been beautiful things to hear elsewhere if one could but tear oneself away from this new charmer—concerts of Purcell's music, of the music of the Elizabethans, and recitals covering four hundred years of English song. We have heard the first great English opera, Purcell's "Dido and Æneas," realized by Benjamin Britten, excellently given by the English Opera Group, and have been greatly impressed by the first performance of a striking new song-cycle by Michael Tippett, "The Heart's Assurance," a work of extraordinary beauty. London's Festival has begun well. D. C. B.



"England these days is just one long festival after another."

THE RESIDENT'S EGGS

IT was during the Resident's visit to our Nigerian bush station that Stapleford laid on the first Palm Oil Chop of his career. In taking this gamble Stapleford did not even know whether his Resident was of the highly spiritualized type, clothed in white tussore, mystic, wonderful, speaking seldom and oracularly, imbibing with an almost ladylike infrequency: or a hearty human model in frayed khaki shorts, who softens you up with a gorilla handshake and then proceeds to drink three of your beers before annihilating your gin. Stapleford just barged ignorantly ahead: but since Southern Nigeria is the ancestral home of Palm Oil Chop he was particular about the ritual.

Not that we in Carasati were extremists in Palm Oil. Unlike certain other stations, we did not linger over the midday gin till five P.M., thereby forfeiting the ability to find the mouth with the

spoon, with consequent disaster to the shirt-front. But we did insist on fundamentals—that the *bangga* (or bunch of ripe palm fruit) should be newly cut, that the bath of chicken-boltered palm oil forming the main dish should contain prawns, and be accompanied by dishlets of peppers, bananas, pineapples, oranges, tomatoes, ground-nuts, coconut and—forgive the term, but it was always so richly earned—stinkfish: that the yam fufu should be presented to the leading lady and ceremonially beaten, once for each guest and once more for the juju of the house: that a goblet of neat gin should internally quieten each guest after the principal meats: and that one egg, and one egg only, should accrue to each, boiled solid and ritually drowned in a beaker of glutinous golden juice.

Stapleford's guests were eight: the Resident (married, but his wife lived in purdah in Bournemouth):

the District Officer, shadowed by wife with wit but no glamour: the O.C. Troops, the Assistant Commissioner of Police, the Agricultural Officer, all unmarried: lastly the Assistant Conservator of Forests, with wife who sometimes achieved glamour (though seldom at midday) but whose mental standards were pointedly undiscussed. Stapleford's house was rather bush—a mud-walled barn with thatch roof and no ceiling: but a ground-sheet hanging above the lunch table intercepted a rain of sawdust from the borer beetles and averted any imprudent acts by the nocturnal lizards lurking in the roof. The table itself had been charmingly decorated by Sam the steward boy with white Corallita, yellow Allamanda, red Ixora, and rainbow-hued bottles of Worcester and Tabasco Sauce.

Preliminaries went well. The Resident's conversation was so intelligent that wit-*sans*-glamour was

allocated to his end of the table, while the host opposite him (not without qualms, since he knew himself highly susceptible to both gin and It) engaged glamour-sans-wit. When the party drew up their chairs they were happy but not incontinent: enough had been drunk to make the Policeman extremely garrulous and the Agriculturist faintly amorous—both of them sights well worth seeing.

The ground-nut soup was marvellous: the fufu dumplings were duly beaten: the quartered chickens bobbed in their hazy sea of oil: the tiny glass dishes of many-coloured fruits and peppers glittered like a fairies' banquet. Sam went ahead with palm oil and fufu, followed by small boy with trays of gadgets, followed again by borrowed boy with eggs in oil. Just eight rare ovals, laboriously produced by the Agricultural Officer—or, to be meticulously accurate, by his Rhode Island Reds. Those magnificent birds, double the size of any known Nigerian hen, had excited the admiration of all beholders—including a substantial population of amateur and professional egg-thieves, who had made the A.O.'s life such a burden that only reluctantly had he parted with these precious eight.

Moving round the table, their burdens growing lighter, the boys reached the Resident, who had found wit-sans-glamour congenial and was cascading into her left ear the fully garnished history of how he quelled the labour troubles during the construction of the Nigerian Railway. Having reached the critical point where he looked the leading agitator, supported by hundreds of armed and capering followers, straight and sternly in the eyes, he was abruptly offered eggs. Withdrawn into the magnifying ecstasies of memory, the Resident absently fished out an egg—absently fished out two. Borrowed boy absently shuffled on. Stapleford had noticed—so had Sam. Stapleford signalled: Sam said in elephantine whisper to borrowed boy "Make you go back, take back one hegg." Borrowed boy reversed heavily, re-presented eggs to Resident.

Resident, still re-living the great days of old, absently fished out a third egg, impatiently waved away still lingering but now petrified borrowed boy.

For Stapleford the moment was a difficult one. Obviously the man had erred—but was he not the Resident, Administrative Officer Class One, supreme local Top Hat? And who was he, Stapleford, a mere-smear first-tour cadet, to call such a man to order? For a time he hesitated: then the pathos of those perspiring egg-balked faces gargoyle along his dining-table won the day for candour.

"Excuse me, sir," said Stapleford, "but there's only one egg for each person actually, and you've taken three."

In the sudden conversational lull that followed only the Agriculturist's voice was heard, still loudly and devastatingly condemning "those filthy egg-thieves."

BILLYCOCK

BOWLER, bowler, black and spherical,
Sportin', bureaucratic, clerical,
New-joined subaltern's crowning glory,
General's memento mori,
Hunting woman's skull protector.
Lid of Government Inspector,
Groundsman, groom, insurance seller,
City gent with rolled umbrella,
Bookie, banker, bum, physician,
Up and coming politician,
Or (in colours rich and rare)
Berkeley Street commissioner;
Hat of many parts and places,
Rounding off a thousand faces,
Gracing, through a hundred summers,
Peers, philosophers, and plumbers!
Bowler, he who dares dispraise you
Clearly isn't fit to raise you.



BOOKING OFFICE

Neurosis into Novel

THE heroic idea of the Author is out of fashion now. We refuse to be impressed by titanic rages resulting from family frustrations or an inability to come to terms with life caused by the insensitivity of schoolmates to the sensitivity of genius. We no longer think of Shelley as the flushed schoolboy turning on his tormentors, the boy-father, the ineffectual angel; we prefer to think of him trying to start a steamboat service on the Adriatic or pamphleteering against repression. Perhaps the stock figure of a poet is now Byron, writing poems as a relaxation from being a Regency peer, and ending his life organizing the finances of the Greek War of Independence.

This modern attempt to fit out the Creative Mind with the kind of virtues likely to appeal to a combination of Gossip Columnist and Civil Service Commissioner breaks down too often. Most good writers have been mad and bad and bred in peculiar homes. Their social and political activities have been ineffectual, and often ludicrous; the more they have tried to carry out their obligations as citizens the more their work has deteriorated. No writer of the century has been odder than Proust and many people would consider him its greatest novelist. He was a snob, a pervert, a hypochondriac; he was dominated by his mother; he was a poseur, alternately effusive and touchy. He lived in a cork-padded cell.

Mrs. Charlotte Haldane's *Marcel Proust* modestly aims at providing "the shortest and most concise summary possible of Proust's masterpiece, in order to introduce it to a wider public than it has yet captivated in this country." When she forgets her Home Service intentions and gives her own opinions on the relation of

fiction and autobiography in "A La Recherche Du Temps Perdu," she is stimulating and convincing and throws some fresh light on the connection between the man and his work. It is a pity that she does not allot rather more of her space to Proust's aesthetics and metaphysics. Her readers might welcome help from her before they are ready to tackle Professor Green and Mr. Ironside.

In a parallel series, Mr. Jocelyn Brooke's *Ronald Firbank* has a more limited subject and a more ambitious aim. Firbank is a fascinating character, so is Mr. Brooke, and two sets of fans will converge on this slim volume. Firbank had a good deal in common with Proust. The resemblance of course ceases when they are compared as artists. Firbank was a little master. Like Sir Max Beerbohm, he avoided competition with the giants. He did small, original things perfectly, and their perfection will preserve them. As Sir Osbert Sitwell has pointed out, Firbank has been much pillaged by later novelists. He became known to the general public only gradually and, reading him after his imitators and successors, they did not realize how fresh his technique was when his novels were written. Somehow his ailing, maltreated body and sickened, often silly brain generated the power for a leap outside the gravitational field of existing literature; Proust was big enough to create his own gravitational field and to turn the main stream of fiction in his direction. Mr. Brooke's picture of Firbank is clear-eyed and charitable and his criticism of the novels is always either revealing or productive of enjoyable disagreement.

Rider Haggard's romances still have plenty of life in them. He could write admirable narrative and, where he had first-hand experience of a background, he could convey the feel of it so vividly that for many Englishmen Africa is the Africa of "Allan Quatermain." As well as being a popular novelist of merit he conducted important agricultural investigations in England and the Dominions. He was a man of violent passions, mystical, self-pitying and rather larger than life. Miss Lilius Rider Haggard's biography of him, *The Cloak that I Left*, throws little light on the psychological origins or the value of his work. The real hero of the book is the Haggard Temperament; but there is no attempt to show the way in which it produced the romances. The Life of a novelist might be expected to contain some literary criticism and comparison with the work of similar novelists; the life of an agricultural economist surely should be set against some historical background. Miss Rider Haggard, in a tone of exalted filial piety, portrays her father as a kind of secular Hall Caine and ignores these essentials. The picture she produces is unintentionally repellent. Perhaps it is addressed to the Family, who knew him and will read it in the light of their affection. There is still a need of a biography in the ordinary meaning of the term, and Miss Rider Haggard is, one would have thought, the obvious person to write it.

R. G. G. PRICE



American Commentary

Mr. John Mason Brown writes as most weekly essayists would choose to write, if they are honest and humble. In the wealth of his mind and in his urbane delight in life he is perhaps the nearest thing in America to Robert Lynd. In all his writing there is a largeness; he can hit very hard when he feels a big enough principle is at stake, but by habit he is a man of courtesy walking in the middle of the road, knowing all about the country on both sides. This lack of prejudice is to be noted often in the wise and witty essays collected in *Still Seeing Things*, which range widely from a brilliant analysis of Mae West to an urgent plea for tolerance in an increasingly intolerant world. Lamb (of whom he is a direct literary descendant), the theatre, Hollywood, the difference between talk and conversation, are among his subjects; and those who have doubts about "The Cocktail Party" will find them most satisfactorily expressed.

E. O. D. K.

Puss in Point-Shoes

... "a long-limbed, sinuous, fastidious little puss with tiny paws and a coat of sleek velvet. An aristocrat of Oriental lineage, a Siamese... (but with)... a pair of brilliant dark eyes." Thus Mr. William Chappell, dancer, designer (and cat-lover) in his exuberant study, *Fonteyn*. He has frequently partnered her in the ballet, has watched with a discerning eye her development in the Sadler's Wells Company since 1931, and argues confidently his thesis that she has now graduated *prima ballerina assoluta*. Professional colleagues are the shrewdest judges of accomplishment in their field; and when they can express themselves with the energy and point of our author they convey valuable instruction to both layman and critic. This study includes an estimate of character—"an absolutely golden nature," without airs or arrogance, friendly, disciplined, much loved by colleagues. A fortunate lady indeed! The author decorates his text with some charming (and some waggish) decorations on the cat-ballerina theme, and Mr. Cecil Beaton's well-posed photographs show the superb modelling of this elegant little dancer.

J. P. T.

Lost Endeavour

The chronicles of adventure by sea contain few chapters at once more short-lived and more splendid than that which tells the story of the heyday of Portugal's maritime greatness—a chapter which opened with the reign of Prince Henry the Navigator and closed before two centuries were spent. Portuguese rule in Mozambique has outlasted the centuries; but of her greater empire to the northward nothing now remains but the old Fort Jesus, its walls reddened many times by fire and blood, a name on a street corner in modern Mombasa, and a few legend-haunted ruins on islands along the coast. It is the story of this lost

endeavour that Lady Cland Hamilton tells in her book called *In the Wake of da Gama*—a story full of colour and incident, and of the courage, treachery, determination and self-sacrifice that lie behind the brief history of Portuguese dominion on Africa's north-east littoral. The tale is one well worth the telling; and, as Mrs. Huxley in her preface suggests, it is not without its moral for those who, as Kipling has it, "each to other say, 'See how our works endure!'"

C. F. S.

Frustrated Christmas

Most of the aspects of English middle-class life that have perpetually puzzled foreigners—its frustrations, what could be called its masochism, certainly its sexual prudery—are freely displayed in *Mistletoe Malice* as though on the cold white slabs of a scientific exhibition. The "old maid," for instance, is a native of England; and Miss Kathleen Farrell has etched her sterility in bold outlines. Bess is recognizably one of those badly dressed women of forty one seen in trains going down to Bournemouth or shopping and taking tea and scones at a well-known Knightsbridge store. Her impotent and platonic love affair at a Christmas house-party—which forms the "story" of this novel—is likewise wholly characteristic. So too is the formidable Rachel who dominates the unhappy household and its festivities by reason of a marriage nearly half a century before which produced a child and a whiff of romance. Then there is



the inevitable cook below-stairs, the ubiquitous Mrs. Page with her nose for Goings On, and Rachel's penniless son who sponges. *Mistletoe Malice* is a cold, self-consciously clever first novel with one or two funny moments; it remains to be seen whether Miss Farrell will show emotion as well as verbal dexterity. R. K.

Peace and Plenty

The Year is 1851 is a picture of the Great Exhibition and its social background, very objectively but very effectively composed. Mr. Patrick Howarth shows that the trends of the age, and especially those that produced the Crystal Palace, were mostly those which our recent years have seen fit to reverse; except, of course, their predominating industrialism. But he lets us point our own morals and take our own sides. Here are Free Trade, Capitalism, Personal Enterprise—tempered by Religion, Humanitarianism and Respectability. (Mr. Howarth watches Respectability percolate from the highest circles to almost the lowest, via domestic service, with justifiable complacency.) The Exhibition was the expression of a "super-national Europe." And if "Krupp, Essen," showed a "steel gun, six-pounder, complete," it aroused no particular interest. The sky was uninvaded save by balloons, from which, as Hood said, you could see London "like a burnt paper . . . studded with tiny sparks." A lithograph of "a female" making the ascent is one of the best of over two hundred contemporary illustrations.

H. P. E.



"'Dear sir,' with a small 's'!"

A Cheerful Novel

A childhood in Calcutta, a girlhood in Darjeeling, between 1913 and 1920—what could be more hopelessly outmoded to-day? But, as *Sun in the Morning* shows, dates matter little if the tale is told by an artist in words, in observation, in selection of incident. Elizabeth Cadell's touch is sure, her detail is exact, her book is charming. A cavalier might say that her Sun is not merely matutinal, it is perpetual; that the spectacle of a high-up official family, a minor official family and a Eurasian family moving in such kindly accord must at all times have been rare; that a touch of acid would have supplied a necessary relish. But it is the book's achievement that the cavalier, thinking again, will be persuaded that all happened as said. Let him give thanks for a story about loyalties and affections made credible, about real people imperfectly delightful, about a happy past that the march of time has annihilated. Not forgetting the agreeable illustrations, as authentic as the text. H. B.

A Fabricator of Masterpieces

The strange case of Han van Meegeren, the man who painted Vermeers, has been studied at length by Mr. John Godley. It is not a very pretty story, for *The Master Forger*, it appears, was not a very attractive rogue. He was that all too common figure, the mediocre artist who fancies himself a genius and cannot bear that others should not share his illusion. That he had some talent is obvious: it brought him, to begin with, a measure of legitimate success. But, with a developing taste for luxurious living, he quickly lost both his integrity and the critics' esteem. It was with the sole intention of confounding these that he planned his first *tour de force*. The profit it brought him changed his purpose, for his greed was equal to his vanity: so he continued to paint Vermeers. Mr. Godley's reconstruction of this odd career, though it is rather overlaboured and repetitious and contains of necessity much conjecture, is reasonably convincing. F. B.

Books Reviewed Above

- Marcel Proust*. Charlotte Haldane. (Arthur Barker, 7/6)
Ronald Firbank. Jocelyn Brooke. (Arthur Barker, 6/-)
The Clock that I Left. Lillias Rider Haggard. (Hodder and Stoughton, 18/-)
Still Seeing Things. John Mason Brown. (Hamish Hamilton, 12/6)
Fonteyn. William Chappell. (Rockliff, 21/-)
In the Wake of da Gama. Genesta Hamilton. (Skeffington, 15/-)
Mistletoe Malice. Kathleen Farrell. (Hart-Davis, 10/6)
The Year is 1851. Patrick Howarth. (Collins, 18/-)
Sun in the Morning. Elizabeth Cadell. (Hodder and Stoughton, 9/6)
The Master Forger: the Story of Han van Meegeren. John Godley. (Home and Van Thal, 9/6)

Other Recommended Books

Costume of the Western World: Early Tudor, 1485-1558. James Laver. *Elizabethan and Jacobean, 1558-1625*. Graham Reynolds. (Harrap, 10/6 each). First two to be published of a series of thirty-six monographs designed to cover the history of Western costume. Learned but lively text, illustrated entirely from contemporary sources (8 colour, 50 to 70 monochrome plates, annotated, in each volume), bibliography.

MR. JUDD

I AM greatly disappointed in Mr. Judd.

When a job cropped up which my wife decided was beyond me (as when the best part of the coal-house blew away last winter), we always turned to Mr. Judd, and he never let us down. If we had felt inclined we could have turned to Messrs. Greyston and Murgatroyd, Contractors, who are very go-ahead, and wear overalls. But it was precisely because he was *not* go-ahead that we pinned our faith on Mr. Judd.

On the one occasion when we did telephone Messrs. Greyston and Murgatroyd, to hint that our greenhouse seemed to be falling to pieces, they came along efficiently and backed their lorry into the outhouse, and before we knew what was happening they were swarming all over the place. They fitted a new water-spout, they put their feet through the roof, and they stuck a complete set of new panes in the greenhouse. Moreover, when they left, the greenhouse *still* seemed to be falling to pieces, and so did the outhouse.

Mr. Judd was different. He did not call himself a contractor: his handcart was inscribed simply *B. Judd*. He had no telephone: his customers pushed bits of paper through his letter-box advising him of a burst pipe or a leaking gutter. He did not surround himself with a gang of white-coated assistants, as do Messrs. Greyston and Murgatroyd, to ride away on bicycles for lunch at noon: he brought a dented billy-can and some cheese sandwiches, and asked for a drop of boiling water for a brew from time to time. If you asked him to put up a fence, he put one up: no more, and no less. He only appeared to have one ladder, and frequently he had left it somewhere else. He did not tramp in and out of the house with wet cement on his boots. He got on with the job, wearing an old trilby hat with a dinge at the front, and he hummed to himself. I thought he hummed "The Bells of St. Mary's." My wife thought he hummed "I Passed by Your Window." We never asked him



what he thought he hummed. Whatever it was, it was certainly more dignified than the interminable close-harmony of Messrs. Greyston and Murgatroyd.

Mr. Judd is at work on our premises just now, as it happens. He is painting the outside window-frames. When he has finished that (in about a fortnight, he reckons) he will do the inside frames as well. We didn't want him to, but he said it wouldn't do them any harm.

I was a bit surprised when he said that. It smacked rather of Greyston and Murgatroyd: it was almost go-ahead. I was even more surprised on the fourth day, when he brought along a person called Ned to hold the ladder steady. Ned didn't actually *look* go-ahead—he wears a long, threadbare overcoat and a mournful moustache: he smokes his pipe upside down, and he smells of putty—but I didn't like the way things were going.

It was Ned, I believe, who suggested to my wife that one wall of the house could do with a bit of pointing to stop it falling down. It was certainly Ned who broke the door disapprovingly off the garage to show me where it was rotten.

Yesterday morning they brought a lot of bright new bricks and dumped them gloomily on the edge of the lawn. I will say this for Mr. Judd: he and his staff do not go about their work with the infuriating briskness of Messrs. Greyston

and Murgatroyd. They shuffle around, muttering pessimistically. All the same, I had forebodings.

I can't imagine what they plan to do with the bricks. For one thing they are yellow, and they don't seem to match anything.

I never speak to Mr. Judd, because he is stone-deaf, and very testy, and when I approached Ned about the bricks, and about a two-handed saw which has been propped suspiciously against the dust-bin for three days now, he only winked.

This morning my wife told me about the hole. All day yesterday, while Mr. Judd was putting a first coat on the back door (which I painted myself only last month), Ned was busy digging a deep hole in the front garden, just by the gate.

"We didn't ask for a hole there, did we?" said my wife.

"We did not," I said, and I went out sternly to survey it. Mr. Judd and Ned had disappeared. In the hole was a gibbet, seven feet high.

This afternoon they returned, with a large, freshly-painted sign-board, which is even now swinging gravely on the gibbet. It says *Decorations by B. Judd, 12 High Street*.

The rot has set in. Progress has overtaken Mr. Judd. He and Ned are at this very moment standing on the roof of the outhouse, shading their eyes and pointing things out to each other. And I'll swear the tune they're humming is "Mood Indigo."

ALEX ATRIKIN

A MAN'S HAND

THE fact that father is a social flop with cats does not prevent him from doing imitations of Uncle Martin after we have been at uncle's for tea.

Picking up a cushion, father will gaze into it and ask it, in a sing-song whinny, what age-old knowledge lurks behind those onyx eyes; stroking the cushion respectfully, he will insist that it understands every word he says. And once, putting one of our best saucers down on the floor, father shrilly urged an invisible cat to "Feed up, there's a lovely, heavenly beast," and then, overcome by his own wit, trod backwards on to the saucer and broke it.

Father's personal method is to call cats "Sir," and pat them heavily and uneasily on the head.

"Sylvia doesn't like that!" exclaims Uncle Martin, sharply, when father pats; and it seems that Agnes doesn't like it any better.

"Those cats need a man's hand," confides father. Sometimes they get his, and then he comes home scratched and sheepish, mother asking him coldly "Well, what did you expect?"

One day recently Uncle Martin arrived at our door dangling a half-grown kitten, piebald and stray.

"Sylvia and Agnes aren't very nice to him," he told us. "Could you just give him bed and breakfast? I'll find a home for him to-morrow. Lovely boy, then," he added,

setting the kitten down on our hall table and departing.

"What are we, a left-luggage office?" grumbled father. "Here—shake hands, sir." Sir looked away.

"No intelligence," pronounced father. "Too narrow between the eyes."

After twenty-four hours Uncle Martin had not yet come forward with any suggestions. I longed to keep the kitten; it had such a nice way of collapsing with pleasure when I came into the room.

It collapsed for father, too, but I think it was from fright. His manner towards it was a mixture of barrack-square and bedside.

"Can't seem to take hold of an idea," he remarked, having stunned the kitten with a bellow of "Rats!" very close to its ear. He later woke it out of an exhausted sleep by panting tobacco smoke in its face and asking "And how are we feeling now, eh?"

Mother was pessimistic.

"It's a nice little thing, but I wish uncle would hurry up," she murmured. "Even you can see that it would scarcely be fair to keep it here." She nodded towards father, who was on all fours at the time, reaching under the sofa.

"Discipline," he explained chokingly, with his face skidding along the carpet. "That's all you need, boy. Discipline."

My romantic dreams of a blue leather collar and a bell began to

fade a little, but I wasn't going to give up the kitten without a struggle.

Nor was father. He said "Pussy do somersault—come on, there's a sport," and the sport spat. He said—often—"Where can he have got to?" and I never let on. He wondered idly how many teeth a cat had, and presently added "It's nothing, really," as he sucked a punctured thumb.

"That cat must go," said mother to me. "You or I must telephone Uncle Martin."

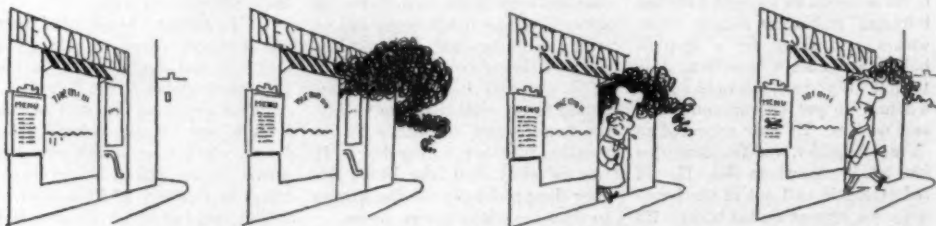
"Couldn't we see if father settles down—just one more day?" I begged.

But the end came that same evening. Mother and I were sitting quietly beside the fire when the kitten, ears well batted down, came streaking into the room and climbed the curtains as though father were after it hand-over-hand with a knife in his mouth.

"I only want to see how much he weighs," explained father, clambering up on a chair.

Realizing that the hour had come, I went sadly into the hall, and quietly prodded Uncle Martin by telephone.

Mingled with the brassy crash of falling curtain rods and hunting cries from father, I could just hear uncle shrilly insisting "But your father 'phoned me days ago. Told me the cat had taken a real fancy to him—understands every word he says."



AASEARD

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"Where is the great schweppic we are waiting for?" he added.

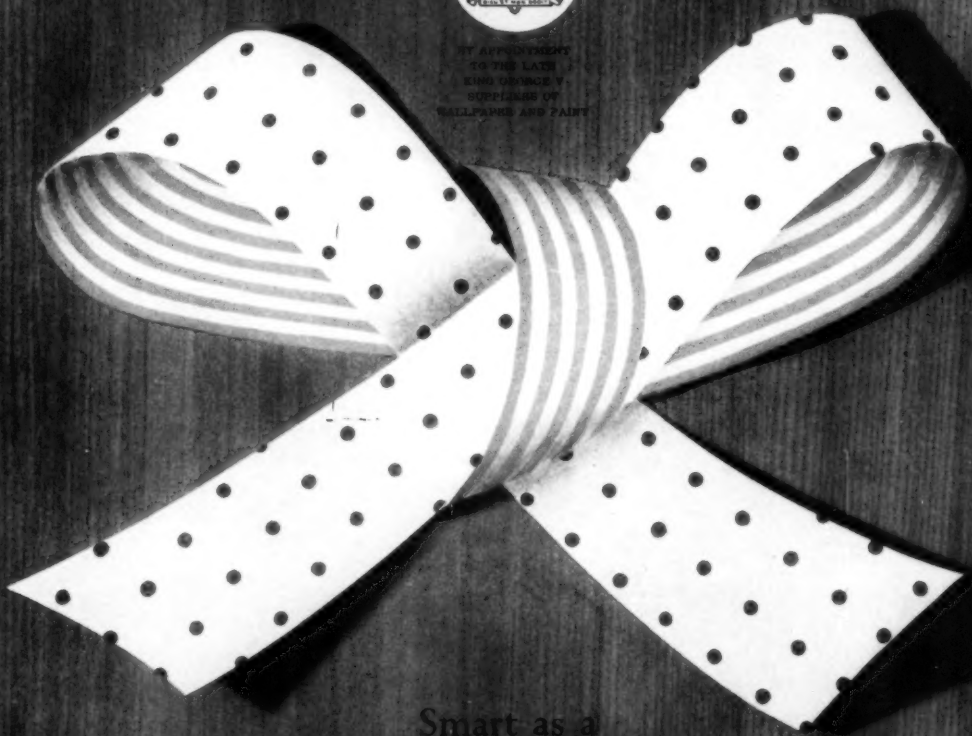
D.G.R. retorted, as usual, with a long quotation from *Marius the Schwepicturean*.



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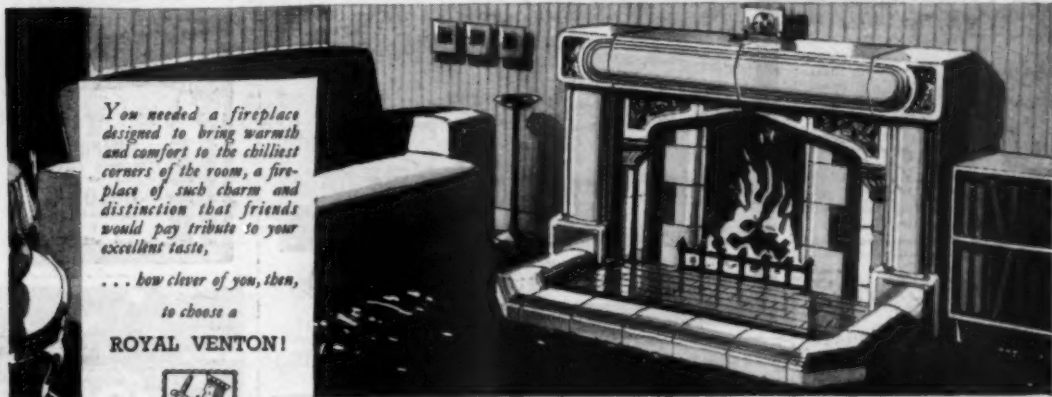
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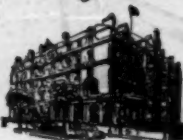
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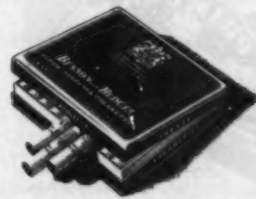
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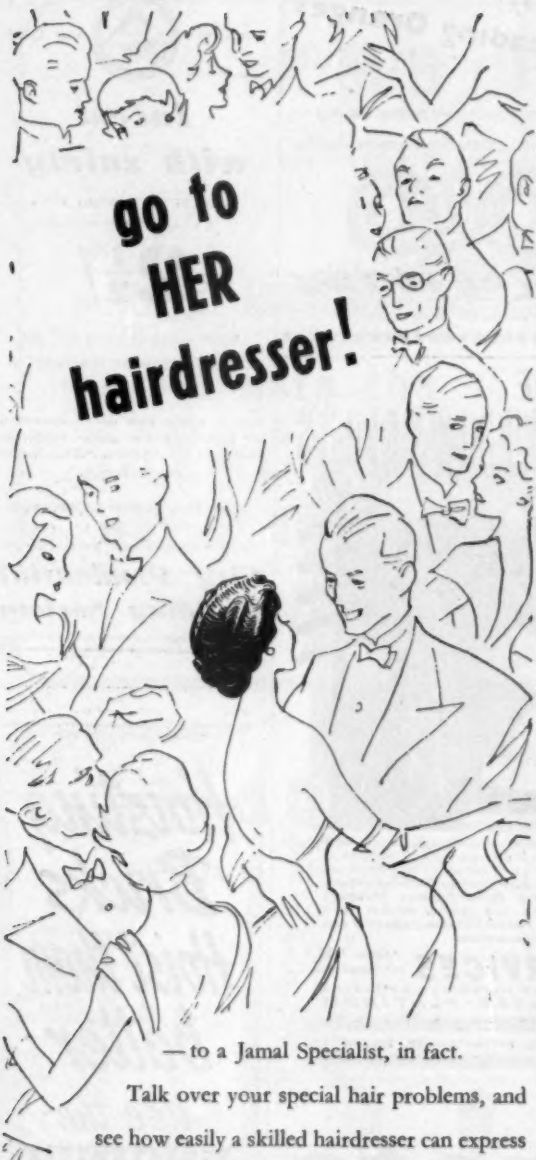
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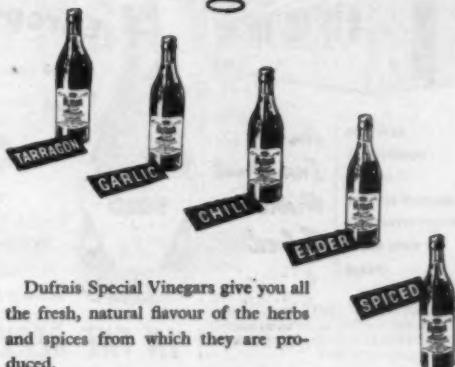


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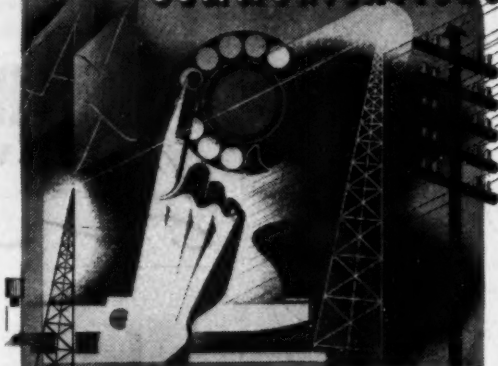
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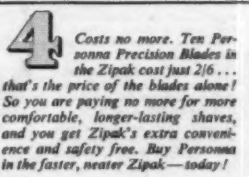
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The climax of the evening occurred when the frog pies were cut. For dozens of live frogs leapt forth upon the table. As the ladies shrieked and sought the protection of their partners, the bird pies were cut. Dozens of birds

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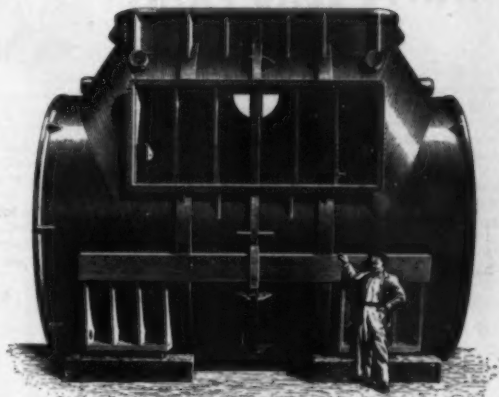
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